

THE
HISTORY AND GENE^OLOGY
OF
OUR BRANCH OF THE
Clark Family and Its Connections

WITH
THE SHATTUCKS ON MY FATHER'S SIDE, WITH
THE SMITHS ON MY MOTHER'S SIDE
AND WITH THE ELLIOTS ON
MY WIFE'S SIDE

BY
GEORGE WASHINGTON CLARK

WITH A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF THE
ORIGIN AND DERIVATION OF THE SUR-
NAME CLARK

CHARLES LAMARTINE CLARK

DETROIT
PRESS OF MORRISON PRINTING CO.
1898

(*2853.) 1. Clark. Can anyone give the year of birth of Bathsheba Clark, daughter of James and Abigail (Lothrop) Clark?

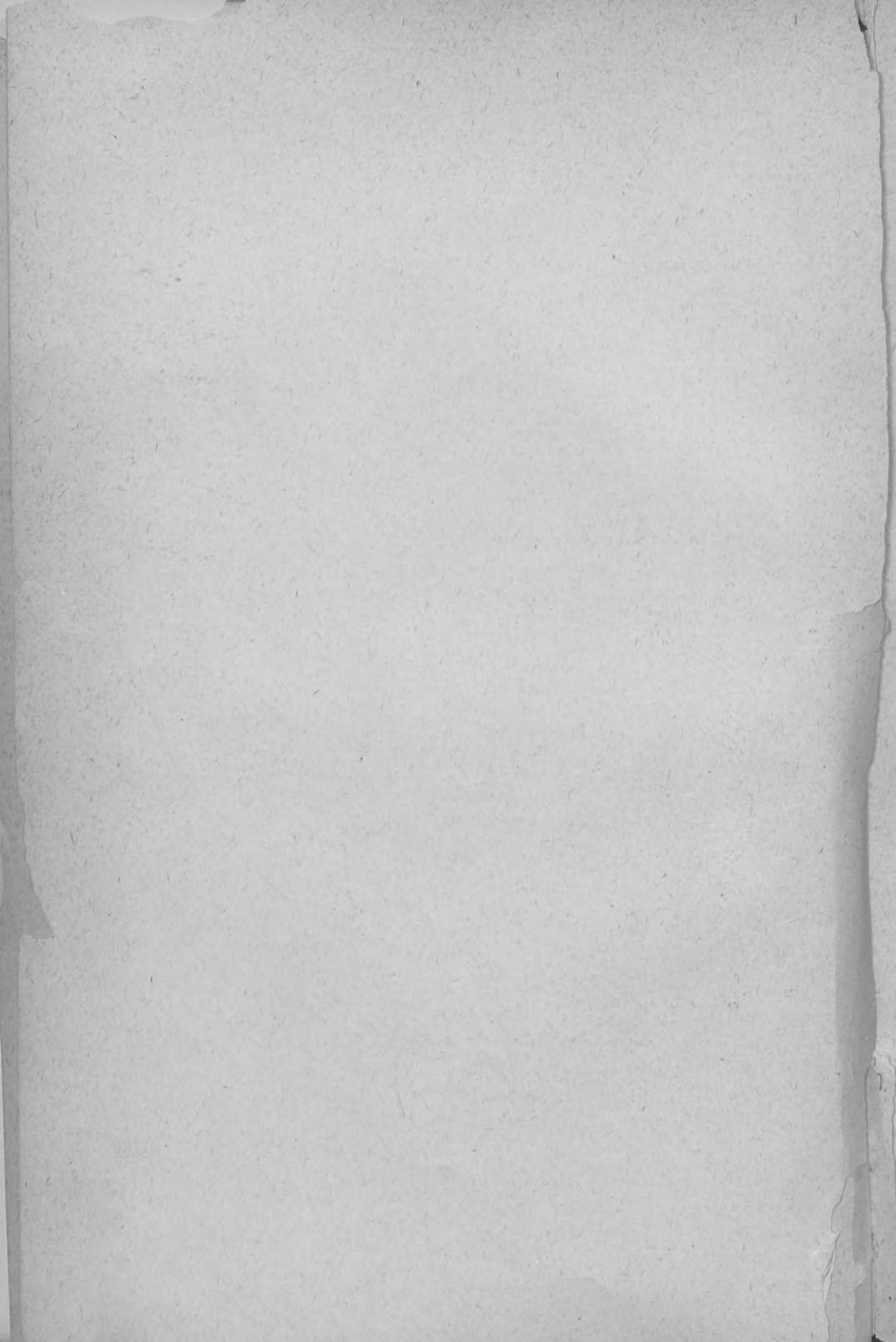
2. Litchfield. Should like to correspond with W. J. L. concerning Nicholas Litchfield and wife Bathsheba. S. R. D.

12,315. CLARK-BOUTH. Joseph Clark married Abigail Booth, in Hartford Co., Conn. Their children were: John, David, Isaiah, Josi, Myron, Noel, Eunice, Hannah, Marbra, Mardana and Aurilia. The family moved to Madison Co. N. Y. Information wanted as to ancestry of Joseph Clark and as to marriage and residence of the son Isaiah. (V. P. C., Bontive, N.Y.).

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Geo. W. Clark



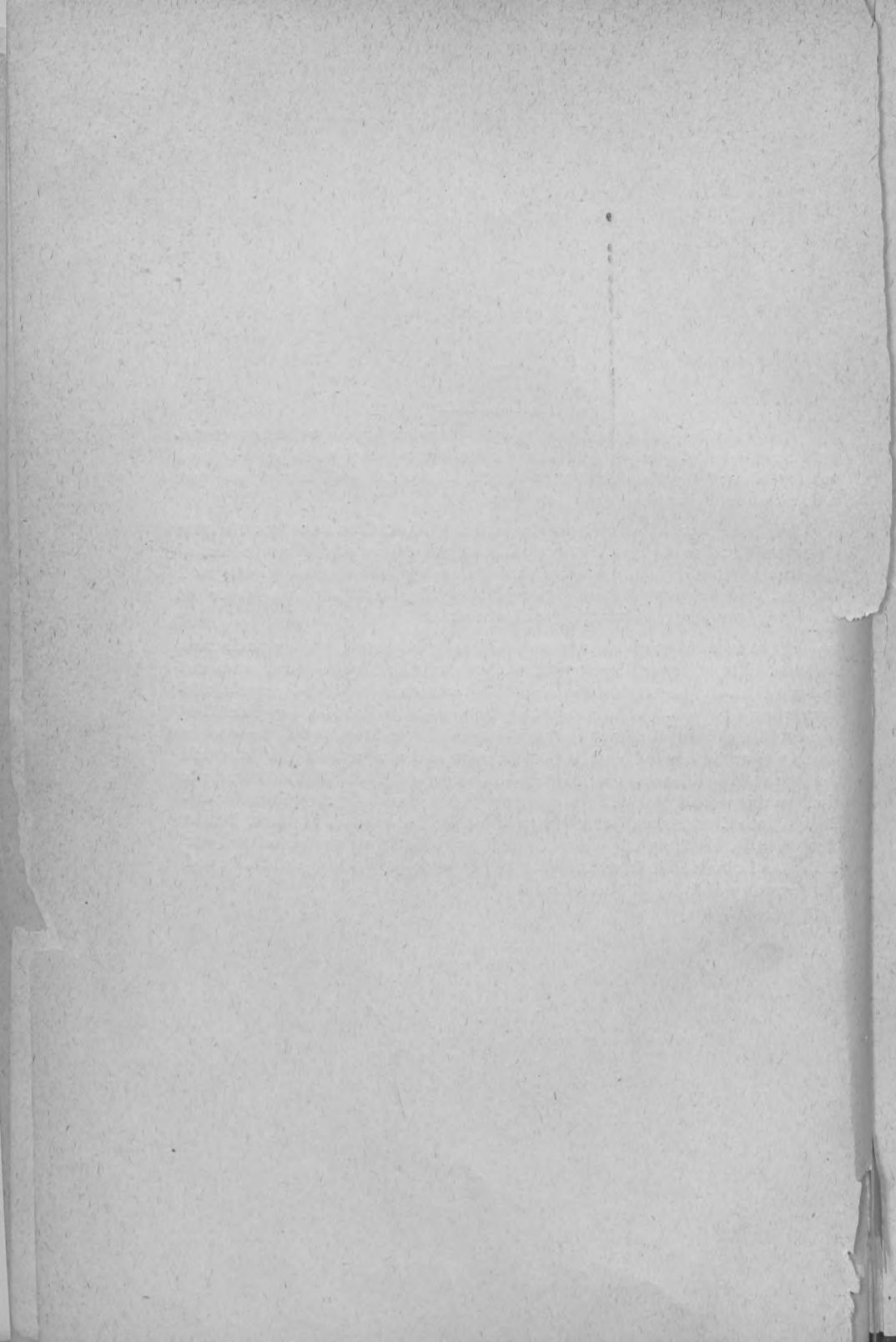
PREFACE

It was the original intention to submit this work for the voluntary contributions of several relatives and their friends, but some of them have written to say "NAY;" by all means FIX A PRICE, then we shall all know just what amount to send you when we order books.

We have accordingly fixed the price at ONE DOLLAR PER SINGLE COPY OR SIX COPIES FOR FIVE DOLLARS. Few have any adequate idea of the cost of time, travel, research, through twenty-four of these States and Canada, and seventeen times through New England, and the labor of arranging, compiling and mailing such a work.

I have taken special pains to have it free from errors, and as perfect as possible. I trust you will be lenient towards an old, broken-down, worn out and crippled octogenarian of 86 years. I think the book will supply useful and interesting information of families with which you are or have been connected or interested, and furnish names and incidents in the vital reforms of the day in which you are interested, and the Indian wars and savage outrages in which our patriot fathers bore a part, and in which they suffered. Many of the facts given in this work I obtained from our venerable Revolutionary Grandfather, Ensign Seth Clark, when I visited him at his old homestead, in Burk, Vt., in 1840, then in his eightieth year. In another place I give you his official war record, as I obtained it from the War Department at Washington, D. C., and the Secretary of State of Massachusetts.





ORIGIN OF THE SURNAME

Whether the Clerks, Clarkes or Clark's are of Norman extraction cannot be positively ascertained. If it were so, it is quite evident that it did not come in with William, the Conqueror; as no such name exists in any copy of the Roll of Battle Abbey, on which roll was entered all the names of the nobility and distinguished families that accompanied William in his first expedition; or who subsequently came over and settled in England.

It is well known that *Clericus* was originally the name of an office, and signified the Clerk or learned man, who in primitive times, was the only individual in his neighborhood or territory who was able to read and write and by so doing becoming very useful to his fellow men and citizens less fortunate than themselves; and who in consequence did not fail to accumulate considerable and respectable property which generally was maintained and increased in the family; one of the descendants, generally the eldest son, being brought up to literature, and thus succeeding to the office of his father and the emoluments of that office. This title, in process of time, became the surname of the person who bore the office; and *Clericus, le cleric*, the Clerk, and afterwards Clark or Clarke, became the cognomen or surname by which all the descendants of the family were distinguished. As these persons who were designed for ecclesiastical funds generally got an education superior to the rest of the community, hence they were termed *Cleric*, Clerks; and this is the legal title by which every clergyman is distinguished to the present day.

It has been intimated that the term *Clericus*, the Clerk, was originally given to the person who was the only one in his district that could write and read. This may seem a strange insinuation in the Nineteenth Century, when every child among the English speaking millions can read; and almost every grown up person is able to write. But it was not so in ancient times. It is a well authenticated fact that there was a period when many of the British kings could not write their own names. In the year 700, A.D., Withred, who was king of Kent, issued an ordinance or charter, freeing all the churches under his control from tribute. This historical and literary curiosity can be seen in archives of old Canterbury Cathedral. See Wilkins' *Cencilia*, Vol. I, p. 63, its concluding words are as follows:

"Done the Sixth day of April, (A.D. 700), in the eighth year of our reign. Indection XII, in the place called Killing.

I, Withred, King of Kent, have confirmed the above liberties, dictated by myself; and because I am *unlearned*, I have with my own hand, signed this with the sign of the Holy Cross .

This was not only the case in the ancient times, but was common for some centuries later. Very many of our old and ancient charters and public documents are found signed with crosses because, undoubtedly, the subscribers were unable to write. It is even doubtful if William the Conqueror, or any of his sons, with the possible exception of Henry could write.

The Foundation Charter of Battle Abbey has thirteen signatures affixed to it. All are crosses, each different, but all names are written by the same scribe, or *clerci*, but each cross is made by the individual to whose name it is affixed. These, if any who could write, out of kindly consideration for the King's feelings, who undoubtedly could not, signed with the . Of such instances English history is full.

In an ancient record book called the Bolden Book, after the style of Domesday Book, made by Bishop Hugh de Puteaco, or Pudsey, A.D. 1183, we find many proofs of men being distinguished by their offices, travels, etc., and the following instance is remarkable: Among many other persons who held lands in the Township of Wolsyngam in that County, and who performed certain services to the lord for the lands they held, according to the ancient feudal system; we find the following entry:

Adamus Clericus, tenet triginta acres, et reddi, unam marcum. "Adam the Clerk (or Adam Clarke) holds thirty acres of land, for which he pays annually one mark." Others plow and harrow the bishops lands, in way of boon or annual rent.

That the term is used as the name of an office here, is sufficiently evident from the names of office frequently occurring joined to Christian names, to distinguish the persons who held those offices, e. g.:—*Alanus Fullo, tenet unum toftum et croftum pro duobus solidis, et facit quatuor porcationes autumpno.* "Allen the Fuller, holds one taft and one craft, for two shillings, and makes four porcations in autumn."

Aldredus Faber xii. acr. et red iii. sol. "Aldred the Smith, holds twelve acres, for which he pays three shillings."

Ferranus the Smith; *Carpentanus* the Carpenter; *Piscanus* the Fisher; *Firmanus* the Farmer; *Gardinanus* the Gardiner, etc., etc., which were all names of office, became at last the surnames of whole families, throughout all their generations.

See Domesday and Bolden books, *passim*. The name of the father's office might easily be transferred to all of his children, though not necessarily employed in the same business; as *Johannes filius Adami Clerici*, "John the son of Adam the Clerk," would in a very few generations be, "John Clark the son of Adam Clark," etc., etc.

Thus it may be conceived that all surnames originally arose which express office, trade, etc., as Butler, Baker, Chamberlain, Carpenter, Carter, Cook, Smith, Merchant, Draper, Roper, Soaper, Fisher, Fowler, Foster, Slater, Fanner Miller, Fuller, Taylor, Peynder, etc.; while others derived theirs from the places where they were born, or the estate which they held; as Appleton, Abingden, Aubigny, Castleton, Cheshire, Cornish, etc.

Family distinctions were probably, at first, fortuitously acquired: so, the first Clark might have been a self taught genius; his love of literature, and the profit he acquired by it, would naturally excite him to bring up a child in the same way; and emulation would induce others of the same name to continue a distinction, by which the family had acquired both honor and profit.

Hence we find that this ancient family has been distinguished for many learned men ; and by several who have acquired no ordinary fame in all the walks of the republic of literature.

The ancient Romans were divided into four classes : 1. Those of the *Ingenui*, or free-born. 2. Those of the *Liberti*, or freed-men, and those of the *Servi*, or slaves. 3. The names of women. And, 4. The names of adopted persons.

I will not go into a technical or learned disquisition or description of these Roman classes, but by way of comparison liken one family to the bone and sinews of the Roman Empire as composed of this the Roman *Ingenui*.

"The *Ingenui* were the same among the Romans as gentlemen among us; and they define them thus : 'Those who have a certain family name, were born of freemen, whose ancestors were never in servitude, and who have never been degraded from their kindred or ancient stock.'"

"Though it has not been found that any branch of the family of the Clarks claimed nobility, yet it has always appeared that the character of gentility, *generosi*, or *ingenui*, has been conceded to them, and to them the Roman definition of *Ingenui*, is in every respect applicable," says one of the family's most eminent scholars and writers—Dr. Adam Clark.

They came from a pure and ancient stock, they have never been in bondage to any man ; had never been disgraced, and never forfeited their character. "In our family I have often heard the innocent boast, none of our family has ever seryed the stranger." Thus can we see why our whole family throughout its entire history, have been such ardent lovers of liberty, and have ever shown their willingness to offer up their lives on the altar of their country's freedom, on both sides of the Atlantic. In our own beloved America, the history of our family shows, that in every war our country has had, the Clarks, since 1750, and the Shattuck's on our maternal side, our great grandmother, Lucinda Shattuck Clark, wife of Seth Clark, whose family came to this country in about the year 1640, from England, and settled in Watertown, Mass., have always furnished their more than share of fighting men.

If for no other reason than that of the encouragement, the upbuilding of patriotism, the love of ones country in the hearts of our family that this little work is undertaken, and, in perusing these lines we learn of the unselfish plodding, suffering at times, the patriotism of our forefathers, and in so doing our blood tingles and our hearts swell with pride for their work, their devotion to principles, to family, to their country, and by their examples we all make better men and women, better patriots, then this work is not without virtue and we are fully repaid for our research and trouble.

The family was originally English, but from what branch of the family we are descended, or from what county our family came is not satisfactorily settled. The family tradition however is, that they went over to Ireland in the early part of the 17th century, and had part of what were called the debenture lands, and settled in the County of Antrim, about Larne, Glenarne, and Grange, where they had considerable estates. They became matrimon-

ially connected with the Higginsons, Strawbridges, Comtenays and Boyds; the latter of whom deduce their origin in uninterrupted descent from the celebrated Boyds of Kilmarnock, in Scotland; some of the Boyds in virtue of the above alliance, still possess a considerable landed property in the above country (1837). Some of the MacAuleys married into this family, but changed their names to Boyd, in order to inherit the paternal estates. One of these, the late Hugh MacAuley Boyd, Esq., sent, in 1874, ambassador to the Count of Candy, by Lord Macartney, Gov. Gen'l of India, (reputed by some as the author of that still celebrated work, political, called the Letters of Junius), has left a son, Hugh Stuart Boyd, who is equal in elegant accomplishments to his father, and his superior in classic attainments; and especially in his profound knowledge of the Greek language, and one of the most illustrious writers of antiquity. He possesses a part of these estates, extending to, and including Red Bay, near Glenarm, says Dr. A. Clark.

In the life of Dr. Adam Clark, to whom our family is related, and from whom I extensively quote, appears the following letters, dated June 15th and 26th, 1823 (Dublin). "I came here last night, after a hard journey of several days. From Glasgow to Belfast we were twenty-three hours and a half, in which we encountered a violent storm, and had the wind right ahead the whole passage. I went to see my Aunt McReady, which took me 100 miles out of my way, and at a very considerable expense. However I knew it must be the very last opportunity that I could have of seeing her, and of making the desired enquiries. I found her in comparatively good health, and all her faculties as sound as a bell. I set about enquiries and the following is the result :

My father, John Clark, was son to William Clark, who was son to John Clark, who was son to William Clark. She can go no higher; and this is to my great-great-grandfather. Now for particulars :

1. My great-great-grandfather, William Clark, was an estated gentleman of Grange, in the County of Antrim, and was appointed in 1690 to receive the Prince of Orange when he came to Carrickfergus. He had received the principles of George Fox, and, as he could not uncover his head to any man, before he came near to the Prince, he took off his hat and laid it on a stone by the wayside, and walked forward. When he met the Prince he accosted him thus : "William, thou art welcome to this kingdom." "I thank you, sir," replied the Prince; and the interview was so satisfactory to the Prince, that he said, "you are, sir, the best bred gentleman I have ever met."

2. John, my great-grandfather, the son of William the Quaker, married Miss Anne Horseman, daughter to — Horseman, mayor of Carrickfergus, whose son succeeded him to the mayoralty 30 years afterwards. Of the year in which Mr. Horseman, the father who married Miss Anne Clark, was mayor, she cannot tell; but this may be easily ascertained by searching the records of that city and fortress. To John, my great-grandfather and Miss Horseman, were born eighteen sons and one daughter. The daughter, Sarah, was married to a Mr. Williamson, of the County Antrim; I suppose an estated gentleman, but she does not recollect to have heard any particulars of him or his family." Of the eighteen sons of John Clark and Anne Horseman, she remembers only nine, they are the following :

1. Samuel Clark, of Gulladuff (his own estate), who married Miss McPeake who had issue, John and Thomas, of the same place, and also several daughters.

2. Anthony Clark, of Ballyruff (his own estate), who had issue, Anthony, who had issue.

3. Joseph Clark, who chose a military life, an officer in the British army, and was killed with Gen'l Wolfe, at Quebec, October 18, 1759. He had issue, John.

4. Robert Clark, of Ballyruff, who married Miss Burnet, and had issue, Alexander.

5. Walter Clark, of Ballyruff, who had several daughters, of whom I have no account.

6. John Clark, of Ballyruff, of Colerain, a farmer, (who emigrated to America in or about 1740-5 settling at, and in all probability giving the dear old Irish home name to Colerain, Mass., and becoming the progenitor of our branch of the Clark house in these blessed United States. Here is where we come in evidence and where we claim our relationship to the great and noble Methodist divine and Bible Commentator, Dr. Adam Clark, whose grandfather, William Clark, was a brother of the above John Clark, our direct ancestor. This fact is fully evidenced by the fact of the Adam Clark branch, as well as our own branch having both lived at Colerain, Ireland, continually, and by our branch carrying that name to and giving it to the Massachusetts town, where John Clark had a large landed estate and concession, but by and from the word of mouth of our great-grandfather, Seth Clark, who was born at Colerain, to our father, George W. Clark, now (1897) 85 years of age, with whom he has many times conversed on the subject previous to his death, which occurred in 1843).

Gen'l George Roger Clark, the man who made the conquest of the Northwest and Ohio—the hero of Vincennes and one of the best and foremost officers in our American Revolutionary Army, as well as his brother, Gen'l William Clark, the great explorer of the N. W., of the Lewis and Clark famous expedition and at one time Governor of L'a, were probably cousins or brothers of our ancestor, Seth Clark, of Colerain, Mass. Their fathers having emigrated from that vicinity to or near Charlottesville, Va., in the early part of 1700. Their family also claim the Adam Clark branch of the family from Moybeg, Ireland (John Clark, our progenitor, who emigrated to America about 1740, 1746 or 1748) as their progenitor.

Their, the General's mother, was a relative of John Hancock, and also a friend of Gen'l Lafayette's, who gave her valuable presents at the time of her wedding, which are still preserved in the family.

Daniel Clark, the father of Myra Clark Gaines, of New Orleans, L'a, was also another connection of the same branch of Clarks—was probably cousin or brother of Generals above quoted. He also left the old Massachusetts home early in life and acquired wealth and fame in his adopted home of New Orleans, at one time acting as U. S. Commissioner under appointment from Thos. Jefferson.

7. Richard Clark, Captain of a Ship, and died in the Bloody Islands.

8. Horseman Clark. He and several others having pursued a mad dog, and killed him, one of the company, in sport, took the dog by the leg and hit some of the others with him, among them Horseman, against whose neck some of the foam was spattered, and in consequence he died three days afterwards of hydrophobia. Being but a young lad however, he was not counted as one of the eighteen sons, who grew to mans estate.

9. William Clark, my (Adam Clark's) grandfather, who married Miss Boyd, and who had issue, John, my father, Archibald, William and Adam, after whom I was named, and who died in 1756; and two daughters, Anne—Mrs. Walleck McCracken, and Mary, who married Mr. Alexander McReady.

Archibald Boyd, my great maternal grandfather, was a Presbyterian clergyman and the first who preached as protestant, in Maghere, after the revolution in 1688. He married a Scotch lady by the name of Strawbridge.

Geby Clark, one of our ancestors lost the Grange estates by the absence of one witness, who was the only one who could attest to a certain marriage. So far as I can learn, this was the only reason of the family's losing this very valuable estate, the lack of proof of marriage in Geby's case.

In addition to this Geby Clark, Dr. Clark speaks of there being also a Sampson Clark, of Belfast, and he had also heard of a Christopher and a Bartlemy Clark, and he thought there was a Francis or Sylvester, but of so many it was hard to keep track, and some of the immortal 18 had been utterly lost sight of. Some had undoubtedly emigrated to America, and his own father sold all they possessed and had taken passage for and was on board ship ready to sail for the promised land, where relatives had gone before him (John, and probably others), when his old father, William, came aboard, and, after much persuasion, induced him to forego the emigration to America, and go back to Moybeg, where Adam was born, and where he taught school for many years. He was a man of fine and classical education, having studied at Edinburgh and Glasgow, where he procured M. A., and afterwards entered as a sizar in Trinity College, Dublin, at a time when classical merit alone could gain such an admission. I speak of this merely to bring out the point first spoken, as to education being a trait and perquisite of the *Clerici*—or Clerk, or Clarks, as exemplified in this particular family, not only, but to show the grand fitness of the man as a father and teacher of the Dr. Adam Clark, who was born in Moybeg, in 1760, and who, thanks partly to that father's good education, has left an inheritance of imperishable fame in the world of letters and a Christian work known the world over.

However it is not within the province of this little pamphlet to write the life of Dr. Clark, but merely to give it a passing notice, along with the many others of our name, and, as I have digressed largely to quote from his biography and to give him the great prominence he deserves—as we have'nt any too many of his kind in our bright and shining records, will pass along to and take up the American end of the family records. I cannot pause here however, without expressing the gratification I feel in having been able to unravel the mystery surrounding the origin of our name and family back of and prior to the emigration of John Clark to this country from Ireland in ~~1740~~. We were able to trace back to him but no further, and knew nothing of his family antecedents or traditions beyond his coming to this country.

1740-2

CHRONOLOGY OF THE CLARK FAMILY

JOHN CLARK, from whom our branch of the Clarks sprang, as I learned from grandfather Ensign Seth Clark, was a cousin of the eminent Dr. Adam Clark, the celebrated Methodist Bible commentator, who was born at Moybeg, North of Ireland, in 1762, and died in 1832, aged 70 years. My grandfather, Seth Clark, was born of the same branch after they had emigrated to Colerain, Mass., in May, 1760, and was two years older than Dr. Adam Clark.

JOHN CLARK, the first who emigrated to Massachusetts, about 1745, received many favors from the British Government, among them a large tract of colonial land, as a bounty for each of his nine children. He died on his old homestead, at the ripe old age of ninety years.

NOAH CLARK, the oldest son of George, was the one after whom my father was named. He had a son living in Middlesex, near Montpelier, Vt., whom I also visited in my travels through New England. Though he had but one leg, he had acquired, owned and cultivated a good farm home, and kept everything around it in good, nice order. His name was Wm. S. Clark. He had a sister, Sally Hillsdale, living at the same time, in Greenfield, Mass. She had a son who served as a colonel in a New York regiment in the war, 1812.

ELIJAH, the second and last, was grandfather's youngest brother. He was with grandfather Seth Clark in the military service of the United States during the revolutionary war. They were both in the famous battle of Saratoga, and took part at the capture of Burgoyne, and both drew pensions from our Government while they lived.

GEORGE CLARK, youngest son of John Clark, after whom my father, Noah, named me, was born in 1719; lived, and died on the same old homestead, August 22, 1790, aged seventy-one years. He had thirteen children and seventy grand-children.

This GEORGE CLARK'S children were: Noah, Elijah, Susannah, Eunice, Mary, Ann, Ruth, *Seth (my grandfather)*; then twins, Hepsiba and Bulah; then John, the blind preacher, who went west into Ohio, thence to Chicago, Ill.

SETH CLARK and LUCINDA SHATTUCK'S, children were as follows:

Solomon, born in Guilford, Vt., September 3, 1781; died the next Sept.

Sarah, born in Guilford, Vt., August 10, 1782; died May 27, 1785.

Noah Clark (my father), born in Guilford, Vt., May 1, 1786; died at Ingersoll, Canada west, by falling from a house he was erecting (see further on); this was on August 6, 1821, when he was but thirty-five years of age.

The next was Seth Clark, Jr., born in Guilford, Vt., December 28, 1788, died in Burk, Vt., 1859, at his old homestead, aged seventy-one.

* Children of John Clark were - Matthew - Thomas -
John - William - Samuel - James - George -
Sarah and Elizabeth.

Plinney Clark, born in Guilford, Vt., July 4, 1791; died in Atkinson, Me., March 1, 1877, at the mature old age of eighty-five. His good wife, Deliverance Clark, lived to be over eighty-two years, dying at the old Atkinson home.

SETH CLARK, our grandfather, and his wife next had (Lucinda and Cynthia) twins, born in Guilford, Vt., July 19, 1796. Lucinda married Mr. Humphrey, of Sommersworth, N. H. Cynthia married Ahial Brockway, who was born in the town of Symsbury, Ct., January 18, 1792; died in Madison, Ohio, Dec. 11, 1857, aged 65 years. Cynthia Clark Brockway lived many years where I visited their good home, at Madison, Ohio. She visited me in return, in Rochester, N. Y., but died while visiting her daughter in Illinois, in 1867, aged seventy-six years. Her remains were brought home and buried beside her husband in their family cemetery, at Madison, O. The next of grandfather's children were also twins, Horace and Warren, born in Guilford, Vt., Sept. 1, 1798, but died the next day.

The next was our aunt, Mary Clark, born at Guilford, Vt., Aug. 25, 1800. She married Luther Walter; lived many years in Springfield, Me., where I had an interesting visit in their good family, in 1855. They finally migrated to Delano, Iowa, where they ended their pilgrimage on earth. They had four children: Theressa, Volney, Samantha and Serena.

ROXINDA AURORA CLARK, youngest child and only daughter of Samuel Clessen Clark and his wife Sally Dow Clark, was born April 26, 1841, at Springfield, Penobscot Co., Maine. She was a volunteer nurse in the military hospital of Washington, D. C., in 1864-5. July 13, 1865, she married George F. Robinson, who was born in Hartford, Oxford Co., Me., August 13, 1832. This was the brave boy who proved to be the heroic man, who saved Secretary of State Wm. H. Seward's life, on that fatal night of April 14, 1865, when President Lincoln was assassinated by that treacherous Lewis Payne. For this brave and heroic act he was promoted to a major and paymaster in the United States army. The children of Major Robinson and Roxinda Aurora Clark (my cousin), were:

George Prentis Robinson, born at Island Falls, Aroostook Co., Me., October 25, 1866.

Edmond Clark Robinson, their son, born at Washington, D. C., Sept. 8, 1875.

Hon. Prentis Mellen Clark, son of Samuel Clessen Clark and Sally Dow Clark, was born at Atkinson, Me., October 26, 1817. Anna Augusta Josephene Stickney, his wife, was born at Augusta, Me., July 9, 1832. Prentis and Josephene were married at See, Me., April 10, 1855. I visited this happy couple the season of their nuptials, in the bliss of their honeymoon. She was a quiet, gentle, unassuming, lovely woman. The sad page of this history is, that this beautiful wife and mother passed away in the prime of her lovely womanhood, at only forty-two years of age, in the city of Minneapolis, Minn., January 21, 1874. The children she left with her good husband to mourn their loss, were:

Lillian Augusta Clark, born in Springfield, Me., March 10, 1856; died in Minneapolis, Minn., Nov. 22, 1873, aged twenty-two.

Emily Josephine, born at Springfield, Me., Oct. 13, 1857.

Alice Aurora, born at Minneapolis, Minn.

James Burlingett, born at Renfrew, Ont., Canada, Jan. 21, 1862.

James and Alice were married Nov. 18, 1888.

Adelaide Wadsworth-Sabine, born at Calais, Me., March 10, 1837.

Prentis and Adelaide were married in Washington, D. C., March 11, 1883.

The noble Ann Dunning, of Casco Bay, was my mother's mother, and mother to my uncle Orington Smith, my mother's brother, of Dedham, near Buxport, Me.

In 1855, I took my good mother to visit her aged mother, Ann Dunning, who was then living with her brother, Orington Smith, at old Dedham, Me. This was one of the most affecting meetings I had ever witnessed. They had not seen each other for forty-two years, and for over twenty years supposed each other dead. The scene can better be imagined than described. They just fell in each others embrace amid floods of gushing tears. I cannot describe, but must leave the reader to imagine the nature of that most extraordinary scene.

Having brought the dear old grandmothers together, I left them to enjoy their "honey-moon" with each other at my uncle Orington's, while I returned to Boston, to fulfill engagements to lecture and sing on the temperance and anti-slavery questions. Our audiences were good and intelligent, and our greetings and gratulations from old friends and relatives will continue to furnish the most pleasant recollections of the past, while life and memory lasts.

On my return to uncle Orington's, at Dedham, I had to sever the good and loving old grandmothers, and it was a most affecting separation, for there was no hope they could ever meet again on earth, and they never did. Grandmother Dunning died at uncle Orington Smith's, Dedham, Me., at the good and hopeful old age of eighty-six.

The famous "Sophia Doolittle" was a cousin of my grandfather, Seth Clark. She was a woman of portly presence, of noble bearing; dignified, yet gracious; bright, active and intelligent; was up in the eighties when I visited her at her home in Northfield, Mass. She had three sons before she was eighteen years of age; she was a woman of commanding dignity and great influence; and made her mark in the world.

JOSEPH COWAN, ESQ., mentioned in Williams' history of Massachusetts, was another of my grandfather's cousins. He had a little son stolen by the Indians, when out in the woods one day with his mother picking berries. The boy grew to manhood among them, married and raised a family with them, but always had a desire to go back and re-visit the spot where he was born, and learn if his parents or any of the family were still living. When he was about forty, he got the consent of those most interested, and with three Indian associates, for protection and for sure and safe return to his family, he found his way back to his native town. He wandered with his companions about the place searching for his old home, but in vain. He found, on enquiry, his mother had died of grief soon after his capture, and the family had scattered, but that his father was still living, though aged and feeble. When it was ascertained that one of these Indians was the long lost child, the people's hearts were gladdened, thinking of the joy it would give the then

aged father to know and embrace his long lost son once more. But, after a long and serious consultation, it was thought if he went to see his father in his then feeble condition, the meeting and final separation might prove too great a shock, and then, that his son, instead of remaining to be a comfort to his aged father in his declining days, might want to go back to his Indian home and family in the wild forest glades, never to see his father again, would be more than he could endure, and might cause his premature death. It was finally thought best he should not go to see his father, and that the old man should never be told that his "stolen boy" was alive, that he had returned to his native town and parental home, and had not been to see his aged father, lest it might break his already sorrowful heart. And he was never told that his stolen boy was alive and had a family among the Indians. His new made family ties and obligations had reconciled him to his Indian mode of life, and there is no record to show he was ever heard from again. His adopted Indian wife and new born children, though of the dusky race, formed stronger ties than the feeble old father just ready to depart, and there is no evidence that we know of that they ever met after that.

PLINNEY CLARK'S children were as follows:

- John E. Clark, born August 15, 1815.
- Lucinda, H., born October 5, 1816.
- Augustus D., born June 28, 1818.
- Mary S., born April 3, 1820.
- Edna A., born November 28, 1821.
- Seth, born April 20, 1823; died the same day.
- Cordelia, born January 2, 1825; lived eight months.
- Cordelia A., born January 28, 1826.
- Amanda L., born March 24, 1828; lived seventeen years.
- Edwin W., born May 27, 1830.
- George W., born February 26, 1836; lived forty-one years.
- JOHN E. CLARK, the first born of this family, lived fifty-four years.
- Elhanan Winchester Clark, born December 22, 1822, in Atkinson, Me.
- Susan Caroline Tidd-Clark, born May 29, 1822, in Jefferson, Me.
- Elhanan W. and Susan C.-Tidd, married March 15, 1846, at Monroe, Me.
- Ernest Eugene Clark, born March 1, 1847, at Springfield, Me.
- Edward Winchester Clark, born December 18, 1848, at Clinton, Mass., and died in the same town, October 12, 1849.
- Seilla Annetta Clark, born April 9, 1850, at Clinton, Mass.; died August 5, 1850.
- Edward Prentiss Clark, born August 3, 1851, at Springfield, Me.
- Leonare Eliza Clark, born at Springfield, Me., September 4, 1854.
- Elhanan Clesson Clark, born at Springfield, Me., January 7, 1856.
- William Albert Clark, born at Riverdale, Iowa, Nov. 29, 1859.
- James Elmer Clark, born at Riverdale Iowa, January 29, 1862.

FAMILY OF E. E. CLARK.

- Earnest Eugene Clark, born at Springfield, Me., March 1, 1841.
- Emma Gertrude Hervitt Clark, born March 6, 1852, Oswego Co., U. S.
- Earnest Clark and Emma Hervitt, married Augus. 8 1869, at Riverdale, Iowa.

Amy Evelyn Clark, born at Riverdale, Iowa, April 28, 1870.
 Eugene Winchester Clark, born Riverdale, Iowa, February 15, 1872.
 George Elmer Clark, born April 17, 1875, at Costa Iowa.
 Loila May Clark, born March 14, 1878, at Riverdale, Kossuth Co., Iowa.
 Susan Gertrude Clark, born April 17, 1879, at Iowa; died January 3, 1882.
 Ross Herbert Clark, born at Iowa, Humbolt Co., May 20, 1882.
 Flora Bell Clark, born at Iowa, July 27, 1884.
 Harry Loyd Clark, born at Iowa, Humbolt Co., March 9, 1889.

FROM THE WAR DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, D. C.

The following official note I received from the War Department:

Record and Pension Office, }
 War Department. }

WASHINGTON, D. C., Sept. 23, 1895.

To GEORGE WASHINGTON CLARK, 680 17th St., Detroit, Mich.

DEAR SIR,—Your grandfather, Seth Clark, was in Capt. Benjamin Gates' Company, in the Battalion of Massachusetts forces, commanded by Col. Rufus Putnam. Revolutionary war, 5th Battalion, Massachusetts Bay forces. He enlisted again April 17, 1777, and again in August 1st, 1778; again in Nov., 1778. Then again he enlisted in Capt. Warren's Company, Col. Josiah Whitney's regiment, when residing in Petersham, Mass., and drew his traveling expenses.

By authority of the Secretary of War,

F. C. AINSWORTH,
 Colonel, U. S. Army,
 Chief of Officers.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts, }
 Office of the Secretary. }

SETH CLARK.

SETH CLARK appears with rank of PRIVATE on Muster and Pay Roll of Captain William Warner's Company, Col. Josiah Whitney's Regiment. Enlisted May 15, 1776; service, two (2) months, 17 days, at Hull.

Vol. 24, p. 83.

SETH CLARK appears with rank of PRIVATE on Muster and Pay Roll of Captain William Warner's Company, Col. Whitney's Regiment; service, three (3) months, from August 1, 1776, to November 1, 1776.

Vol. 23, p. 200.

SETH CLARK appears with rank of PRIVATE on a Pay Abstract of Captain William Warner's Company, Col. J. Whitney's Regiment, for service for November, 1776, travel allowance, etc.

Vol. 24, p. 17.

SETH CLARK appears in a Return of Men enlisted into the Continental Army from Captain How's or Spooner's Company of 7th Worcester Company Regiment, dated Petersham, December 30, 1777; residence, Petersham. Enlisted for three years for town of Petersham. Joined Captain Benjamin Gates' Company, Col. Rufus Putnam's Regiment.

Vol. 41, p. 385.

SETH CLARK appears with rank of PRIVATE on Continental Army Pay Accounts of Captain Gardiner's Company, Col. Putnam's Regiment, for service from April 17th, 1777, to December 31, 1779 (special spy work). Credited to town of Petersham. Return of Capt. Gates' Company, dated Albany, Feb. 9, 1778.

Vol. 5, part 1, p. 8.

SETH CLARK appears with rank of PRIVATE on Continental Army Pay Accounts in Col. Putnam's Regiment, for service from Jan. 1, 1780, to April 12, 1780. Reported as the Colonel's Company.

Vol. 5, part 2, p. 15.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts. }
Office of the Secretary. }

BOSTON, June 29, 1896.

I certify the foregoing to be true abstracts from the Record Index to the Revolutionary War Archives deposited in this office.

(Signed)

WM. M. OLIN,
Secretary of State.



Yours truly, GEO. W. CLARK.

SAMUEL CLESEN CLARK, born at Guilford, Vt., Nov. 17, 1789; lived on his big farm, in Springfield, Me.; afterwards went to England in the interest of the American Map Publishing Co., of Baltimore. After his return, traveled in this country extensively in the interest of the same firm, visiting me at my home, then in Rochester, N. Y. He was a large man of portly presence, urbane and dignified in his bearings, genial and affable in social life, a man of wonderful memory and great fluency of speech; quoting readily whole chapters of the Bible from memory. He was also a fluent conversationalist, always having something appropo to say. He finally settled in Washington, D. C., where he died on the 4th day of July, 1872, from overpowering heat, aged 83; same age as his father—our grandfather, Seth Clark.

His venerable and noble wife, our gracious aunt, Sally Dow Clark, was born in Strafford, Vt., Oct. 7, 1797, and died at her daughter's, Mrs. Major Robinson's, at El Paso, Texas, March 30th, in 1886, aged eighty-nine. Her remains also were taken to Washington, D. C., and buried by the side of her husband.

Their Children were as follows:

Azro Dow Clark, born Atkinson, Me., died at Atkinson, Me.

Elhanan Winchester Clark, born December 22nd, 1822 at Atkinson, Me.
Prentiss Mellen Clark, born Oct. 26th, 1827 at Atkinson, Me.

Roxinda Aurora Clark, only daughter, born April 26, 1841 at Springfield, Me.

This Maj. Robinson, as said before, is the man who saved Secretary of State Wm. H. Seward's life, when he was attacked by that murderous assassin, Lewis Payne, in Washington, D. C., during the rebel war. I give here our cousin Robinson's own account of the desperate struggle with the devilish assassin on that memorable night. For this heroic act, he was honored by our Government with the commission of Major and Paymaster in the United States army.

MAJOR GEO. ROBINSON'S OWN ACCOUNT OF THE SAVAGE ATTACK ON THE
LIFE OF SECRETARY OF STATE WM. H. SEWARD, AT WASHINGTON, D. C.,
BY THE BLOOD-THIRSTY REBEL, LEWIS PAYNE—THE MAJOR IS NOW
LIVING IN CALIFORNIA, AND FOR 30 YEARS HE HAS AVOIDED
INTERVIEWERS ABOUT THAT NIGHT OF TERROR—
CONSENTED AT LAST.

Maj. G. F. Robinson, the only person on the Pacific coast who has a vote of thanks from congress for a meritorious act, one of the very few persons who has a gold medal given by congress for bravery, and one of but two men who were ever promoted at once from private to major in the United States army, lives quietly here with his family among the orange groves and on an avenue of palms, says the Pomona, Cal., correspondent of the Boston Advertiser.

At the same moment that Abraham Lincoln was shot to death in Ford's theatre in Washington, on April 14, 1865, and when, but for a change of plans, Gen. U. S. Grant would doubtless also have been killed, Maj. Robinson, unarmed and unprepared, grappled with the armed and desperate assassin, Lewis Payne, in the darkened sick room of Secretary Seward.

Major Robinson has studiously avoided, through some thirty years, interviews by newspaper and magazine writers. Last week, however, he permitted an interview by a fellow townsman and a personal friend. "I have never known," said Major Robinson, "how I came to be detailed to act as nurse at the home of Secretary Seward in April, 1865. I had been confined to the hospital for several months by a gunshot wound in my leg.

"The evening of April 14 was beautiful and clear. At a little before 10, p. m., when the Secretary was sleeping easily, the house was closed for the night. Mrs. Seward had gone to her sleeping room. Frederick Seward, second son of the Secretary, had retired. Miss Fannie Seward, a daughter, and I sat in the sick chamber on the third floor. Miss Seward was near the bed. Her father lay propped up in bed. Just before 10 the sound of a man was heard down in the hall. It was afterwards learned that the porter saw a tall young man on horseback dash up to the stone curbing. He claimed to be Dr. Verdi's assistant, and pushed his way into the house. The first that I knew of the assassin in the house was when the front door closed. Miss Seward heard the sound of some one coming heavily up the front stairs, and remarked upon the carelessness of any one who would so noisily approach a sick chamber. At the top of the stairs Frederick met the supposed messenger.

"What is it? asked Mr. Seward in a low tone.

"Dr. Verdi sent me with this medicine for Secretary Seward," was the man's reply. "It must be taken immediately. I am the doctor's student, and must tell Mr. Seward how and when to take the medicine."

" Frederick answered that he would see if his father was awake. Then he opened the door of the Secretary's room and tip-toed over to the bed where his father lay. He went back and remarked that he would not disturb the patient at that hour. As he spoke he closed the door behind him. In a trice there came the sound of blows, as if one had been struck by a rattan. Not a word was spoken. I sprang from my chair, threw open the hall door in time to see a very tall, powerful, beardless man about to open it himself, and back of him Frederick Seward covered with blood from wounds on his head.

" The stranger jumped through the door at me and I saw a knife flash in the feeble gaslight. He dealt me an awful blow on the scalp and forehead, I fell backward while blood started down my face and beard. The stranger, wearing a long, light colored overcoat, a slouch hat and cavalry boots, gave Miss Seward (who had taken alarm and started to call for help) a thrust that threw her aside. He pounced upon the bedside. The assassin had his now broken navy pistol in his left hand, and a long, heavy knife in his right. He leaned over and across the bed, and, placing his pistol on Secretary Seward's chest, struck madly and frantically at the head and neck. I saw, a thousand times quicker than it takes to tell it, the assassin strike at the Secretary's head, and lay open a gash in the right cheek and in the side of his neck. I leaped upon the bed beside the stranger from the rear, caught his arm as his right hand gripped the knife for a surer and more powerful stroke, and thus diverted the blade. The knife went into the Secretary's neck nearest to us as I pulled him from the bed.

" Then began a terrific hand-to-hand grapple. The assassin gave me a deep cut in the right shoulder as I pulled him backward from the bed. A second later he gave me another cut. In a twinkling he turned on me with the ferocity of an enraged tiger, while Secretary Seward rolled off the far side of the bed. The assassin struck at me several times, once giving me a slash in the left shoulder. I clinched my arms about him with my utmost strength, while he was trying to force me away so that he could use his arms either to thrust his bloody knife into me or to beat me into insensibility by blows with his big pistol. Meanwhile Miss Seward had pushed up the window in the sick room and had screamed 'Murder! Murder!' Although weak from my hospital experience and my use of crutches for six months previous, I was naturally a strong young man at the time.

" My antagonist vainly tried to raise his hands to beat or stab me. He suddenly dropped his pistol and tried to push me from him or to throw me. I clung to the man with even greater intensity. All that I saw was my desperate big antagonist and that knife blade. I grasped the assassin's right wrist. He ceased for a brief second his stabbing tactics and tried to throw me. Then, summoning all my strength I tried to throw him. My wounded leg gave way and I partially staggered. The assassin made a vain snatch at my throat.

" The despair of the moment brought back my full strength, and I tripped the villain somewhat off his feet. While I had him in that position I urged him a few feet across the room toward the hall door. When we were about half way across the room and in fierce grapple I felt some one taking hold of me from behind. It flashed into my mind that here was an accomplice of the murderer. Then I saw in the dim light that it was Maj. A. H. Seward. He

had heard his sister's shrieks, had sprung out of bed and had come into his father's room to find what he first thought might be two drunken soldiers scuffling in the darkness.

"I called to him: 'Hold that man's hand! get that knife!' but the Major reached around me from behind and got his hands on the assassin's shoulders, so as to push him along through the hall door. The assassin came against the woodwork of the door, and thereby gained a firm footing. As quick as lightening he freed himself from my grasp and gave Major Seward several stabs about the head and shoulders. He bounded down the stairs. Mr. Hansel, a messenger in the state department, was running down the stairs to get help. The fellow overtook Mr. Hansel and gave him a slash down the back. Then the assassin went out of the front door like a rocket, leaped into his saddle, and, striking his spurs into his horse's flanks, was off in the darkness.

"The whole affair occupied probably not over three minutes. When the assassin was gone, I turned to find Secretary Seward on the carpet at the farther side of the bed. His daughter was bending over him. The Secretary was bleeding profusely. The pool of blood in which he lay, the gaping gash in his cheek, the wound in his neck, and his ghastly pale face, all made a dreadful sight. We lifted the patient to his bed, and found that his heart still beat, although he seemed to be pulseless."

UNCLE LORENZO CLARK, was the last of grandfather, Seth Clark, and Lucinda Shattuck's children. He was born in Burk, Vermont, in 1805, and died in Springfield, Me., in 1884, aged seventy-nine. The children of Lorenzo and Mary Clark, his wife, were:

Ransome W. Clark, born at Springfield, Me., 1832; died in California, June 30, 1853, of billious fever, aged twenty-one.

Jarvis C. Clark, born August 28, 1834; married Marinda Wyman, December 14, 1856.

Marcia Clark, born August 25, 1866; married John D. Lewis, July 4, 1852. He died January 21, 1897, aged sixty-eight years.

Helen A. Clark, born January 24, 1839; married Francis M. Johnson, September 5, 1854.

Henry H. Clark, born January 9, 1841; married Francisca Doble, June, 1862. She died Sept. 15, 1863. In Aug., 1864, he married his third wife. She died in 1890.

Melvina L. Clark, born April 20, 1842. She married Charles Budge, but died two years later. All born in Springfield, Me.

This Uncle Lorenzo was seized with the "gold fever" in the fifties, and, taking his son, Jarvis, with him, went to California. But whether their experience in the gold diggings restored them to normal conditions and satisfied them with the desired plethora sought, I did not learn, as they had not returned when I visited their homes in Springfield, Me., in 1855.

FAMILY OF EDWARD PRENTISS CLARK AND AURORA CLESSEN ALLMAN.

Edward Prentiss Clark and Aurora Clessen Allman were married Oct. 31, 1874, at Algona, Kossuth Co., Iowa. Their children were:

Gilbert Claudio, born Sept. 13, 1875, at Greenwood Centre, and died at Livermore, Iowa, Dec. 27, 1880.

Freddie Prentiss, born March 13, 1877, at Irvington, Iowa.

Edgar Percy, born Aug. 23, 1880, at Livermore, Iowa; died Nov. 20, 1880.

Sarah Edna, born Jan. 15, 1884, at Livermore, Iowa.

Cora Emily, born Dec. 1, 1886, at Livermore, Iowa; died March 19, 1886.

Nona May Clark, born Dec. 11, 1887, at Livermore, Iowa.

Emma Beth, born July 28, 1890, at Livermore, Iowa.

Edward Clyde, born June 20, 1894, at Livermore, Iowa.

FAMILY OF E. C. CLARK AND MARY A. RANNEY.

Elhanan Clessen Clark and Mary A. Ranney, married June 19, 1883, at Algona, Iowa.

Alice May, born July 21, 1884, at Riverdale, Iowa.

Anna Gertrude, born May 12, 1888, at Riverdale, Iowa.

Glen Clark, born Dec. 9, 1890; died Feb. 4, 1891.

Grace, born Dec. 9, 1890; died Jan. 13, 1891.

Earle, born Oct. 20, 1892, at Riverdale, Iowa.

FAMILY OF WM. A. CLARK AND DORA M. BOYLE.

Wm. A. Clark and Dora M. Boyle were married Oct. 8, 1890, at Riverdale, Kossuth Co., Iowa. Their children were:

Victor, born March 24, 1893, at Jackson Co.

Hazel May, born Nov. 25, 1895; died Jan. 16, 1896.

FAMILY OF CHARLES E. CLARK AND PHOEBE RANNEY.

Charles E. Clark married Phoebe Ranney, May 3, 1883, at Riverdale, Kossuth Co., Iowa. Their children were:

Charles Sylvester, born at Riverdale, Jan. 20, 1884.

Mary Charlena, born Dec. 23, 1886, at Riverdale, Iowa.

Olive Evelyn, born at Riverdale, Kossuth Co., Iowa, Jan. 20, 1888.

Hattie Louise, born at Riverdale, Kossuth Co., Iowa, Aug. 31, 1889.

Ethel, born Jan. 15, 1891, at Riverdale, Iowa.

Leroy, born at Riverdale, Iowa, Oct. 15, 1892.

Daisey Clark, born at Riverdale, Iowa, June 24, 1890.

THE SHATTUCKS'—LUCINDA SHATTUCK.

The mother of our grandfather, Seth Clark's family, whose record I have already given, was the tenth daughter of Samuel Shattuck, son of the famous Dr. Joseph Shattuck, proprietor of old Petersham, of Massachusetts. He was afterwards, and for many years an eminent practicing physician in Boston. His beautiful daughter, Rebecca Shattuck, my grandmother, Lucinda Shattuck's aunt, was reputed a woman of rare beauty and loveliness of character. A wealthy English nobleman came to America for his health when she was in the prime of her bloom and beauty. The charms of this beautiful Miss Shattuck, whom he met in Boston, enamored the nobleman, and Mr. Sampson (for that was his name) was captivated, and the nobleman never returned to England. A grand wedding seemed to consummate their earthly bliss. Mr. Sampson was very wealthy, having large interests in the London docks, where the immense amount of shipping made an investment in these docks immensely valuable. While on a pleasure excursion one day on Boston Bay, his boat was capsized, and Mr. Sampson met a most horrible fate; being

devoured by voracious sharks. This most shocking catastrophe almost killed his beautiful wife. This man's fortune was said to be very large, but inaccessible, especially to outsiders, as it could only be reached and obtained by a long, tedious and expensive course of law, through the English courts of chancery. One of the heirs in this country, a Mr. Sampson, of Cincinnati, went to England to make enquiry and investigate, and learned that the estate had been appropriated by the British parliament to the London dock company, and the money put into the bank of England in different installments; that the amount was large and had lain there drawing interest for more than forty years, but could not be obtained unless the heirs could legally trace their ancestry, and establish their exact connection with the last possessors of the property. He found the fortune so hedged in, and requiring so much time and money to get at it, that he gave it up. We, therefore, other and more distant heirs, brother Seth and myself, canvassed the matter thoroughly many years ago, and finally concluded the obstacles were too many and insurmountable, and the expense too great and too far beyond our means, so we likewise surrendered the prize, and let the "land sharks" devour the nobleman's fortune also. And "ten to one" if we do not live the longer and happier, especially if we had worried our brains and wasted our time and money in what would doubtless have proven, as we know now, a fruitless attempt to win the "bauble."

During the summer of 1883, the author of this book formed the acquaintance of Dr. George S. Shattuck, a physician, and his son, Frank L. Shattuck, a dentist, both practicing in Detroit, who are related to the Clark family in a direct line through Samuel Shattuck, son of Joseph Shattuck, proprietor of the celebrated Petersham. This Dr. Shattuck came to Detroit from the town of Belle Plaine, State of Iowa, and is now a practicing physician in Detroit and holds a chair in the faculty of the Detroit college of medicine. Dr. Shattuck is a descendant of Hartwell Shattuck, the progenitor of the Canadian branch of the Shattuck family. Hartwell Shattuck, son of Samuel Shattuck, of the younger Pepperell branches, who was the descendant of Samuel Shattuck, born in Pepperell, Mass., being the first white child born in that town. He married Elizabeth Wesson, and his first son was named Samuel, who married Hannah Hartwell, born in Pepperell, in 1751, and died in Norwich, Ont., in 1850, aged ninety-nine years, five months and twenty-one days.

Mr. Shattuck first settled in Pepperell, but subsequently removed to Springfield, Vt. His fourth son, Hartwell Shattuck, born in Pepperell and removed with his father to Springfield, Vt., where he married Feb. 19, 1788, Mercy Safford. He removed to Crown Point, 187-, on Lake Champlain, and from thence to Norwich, Ont. His children were born in Springfield and Crown Point accompanying him. From this branch sprung the Canadian branches of the Shattuck family. The children of Hartwell Shattuck are: 1st, George N.; 2nd, Lucretia; 3rd, Hiram; 4th, Harriet, and 5th, Joseph E. Dr. George S. is a son of George N.

During the Indian wars, one of grandfather, Seth Clark's uncles, Matthew Clark, of Colerain, Mass., in 1746, was driven into fort Hoossick, near his home, for protection against the wily savages. He had a spring house near his dwelling, where the family kept their milk, did their washing, etc.

One day when the good wife was at work there she was suddenly surprised by the approach of the savages and barely escaped with her life into the fort. After waiting several days, the Indians having apparently disappeared, and supposing they had left the vicinity and all danger was past, Mr. Clark put his wife on the horse and he and his little son went with her to the spring house to recover the washing, if their clothes, perchance, had not been stolen. They had but just reached the spring house when the concealed and waiting savages rushed out upon them. Being still upon her horse she wheeled and whipped up her steed for the fort, which she barely reached with her life, but not without being shot and badly wounded in her thigh. The little son sprang into the spring house and hid behind the door, which saved his life. But the unfortunate father was riddled with bullets. The savages then stretched out his mangled body on a log near by and with their tomahawks chopped it into pieces from head to feet. When the Indians had glutted their ferocious savagery and retreated into the woods, the little boy escaped from his terrible prison where he had remained hidden behind the door in such awful terror all this long time, fled with his utmost speed for dear life to the fort, to relate to his wounded, suffering and anxious mother, the ghastly scenes of the father's horrible massacre.

Many such thrilling incidents connected with the early history of our family's forefathers in their pioneer life in the early settlement of this country, did time and space permit, could be related.

This was Mathew Clark, of Colerain, Mass., Province of Hoosuck, May 10, 1746; my grandfather, Seth Clark's cousin. *

THE FAMILY OF NOAH CLARK AND JANE SMITH CLARK.

Noah Clark and Jane Smith Clark's children were :

George Washington Clark, born at Bangor, Me., July 5, 1812.

Seth Clark, born at Old Lemon, Me., April 10, 1814; died in Buffalo, N. Y., Dec. 8, 1875, aged sixty-one.

Elijah Clark, born at Burk, Vt., 1816; died the same year.

Mary Clark, born at Burk, Vt., 1817; died in the town of Dorchester, Canada, while my father was building the Dorchester mills, in 1820, aged three years. She was a most lovely child, mild, sweet-tempered, amiable, an "angel in the house," as the poet, Tupper, well said. She and my father were buried side by side in the old Oxford burying ground, at Ingerson, Canada.

The next being a girl, and so like her sister, was named after her "Mary Jane," born at Ingerson, 1820. She married a Mr. Muma, of Dumfries, where she lived a most exemplary life, respected and beloved by all who knew her. This lovely sister, Mary, died, and was buried on the beautiful Dumfries Plains, near Paris, in 1844, aged twenty-four years.

By brother Seth and I erected a marble to her precious memory. She left one son, Chas. Muma, who lived in Ann Arbor while educating his nice family of children, but now resides in the city of Detroit, where he is in the Life Insurance business.

It is a great satisfaction to me that I took my family from the city of Rochester, N. Y., to visit this lovely Christian sister on her sick bed; a

blessed, hopeful and peaceful dying bed it was, for Jesus whom she loved and in whom she trusted—

"Made her dying bed as soft as downey pillows are,
While on his breast she leaned her head,
And breathed her life out sweetly there."

The next and last of Noah Clark's children was Lucinda, named after her grandmother, Lucinda Shattuck. She was born in Ingwersoll, Canada, in 1820; married a Mr. Bates. She had two children, a son now living in Michigan, and a daughter, Jennie Wiley, living in Chicago. Lucinda died in Grand Rapids, Mich., and was buried in Lowell, Mich., in 1867, aged forty-seven years.

THE FAMILY OF CHARLES A. MUMA AND MARY E. FOOT.

Charles A. Muma, son of Mary Jane Clark Muma, who was born in the County of Brant, Canada, June 20, 1843, and Mary E. Foot, of Flint, Mich., were married July 23, 1867. Their children were :

Maud C. Muma, born at Flint, Mich., April 29, 1868.

Albert C. Muma, born at Flint, Mich., Oct. 18, 1869.

Ida May Muma, born at Flint, Mich., May 15, 1871.

Anna O. E. Muma, born at Flint, Mich., May 12, 1873.

George Clark Muma, born at Flint, Mich., Aug. 4, 1875.

Philip Muma, father of Charles A., and grandfather to the above children, was born Jan. 12, 1812, and died in 1885, aged seventy-three years.

Charles A. Muma enlisted early in the war of the rebellion as a private, but was promoted to 1st Lieutenant in the 23rd Michigan infantry. Served three years gallantly, and came out at the end of the war safe and sound.

The noble mother of this Lieut. Charles A. Muma, Mary Jane Clark Muma, sister to Geo. W. and Seth Clark, and their sister, Lucinda Clark, who married a Mr. Bates, by whom she had a son, living in Michigan, and a daughter, Jennie B. Wiley, living in Chicago. These sisters, Mary and Lucinda, died as they had lived : in the faith, hope and peace of the Gospel of Christ, instructed and inspired by the teachings and example of their devoted and exemplary Christian mother.

MY MOTHER'S FAMILY.

ELIJAH SMITH, ESQ., my mother's father, was born in old Pomfret, Connecticut, April 5, 1763; lived and carried on the tanner and currier's business many years in the city of Bangor, Me. He finally removed to Old Dixmont, Me., where he died in 1826, in the sixty-third year of his age. He married Ann Dunning, who was born in Brunswick, head of Casco Bay, Me., July 16, 1769, and died at her son Orington Smith's, in Dedham, Me., near Bucksport, in 1857, at the ripe old age of eighty-eight.

ANN DUNNING was of the eminent family of "Worthington's," pioneers of Casco Bay. The children of Elijah Smith and Ann Dunning were as follows :

JANE SMITH (my mother), who was born in Bangor, Me., Nov. 15, 1792; married Noah Clark (my father), son of Seth Clark, our revolutionary grandfather, in Bangor, Me., Feb. 14, 1811, at the age of eighteen, and died in

Buffalo, N. Y., Aug. 22, 1867, at her son, Seth Clark's, aged seventy-five, and was buried in their beautiful "Forest Lawn Cemetery." In 1887, sixty-six years after my father had been buried at Ingersoll, Canada, I went to his grave and took up his bones, which I found entire, and had them buried by the side of my dear mother; and I now have the satisfaction of knowing these dear ones are buried side by side in that beautiful "Forest Lawn Cemetery" at Buffalo, N. Y., and by the side of my dear brother Seth.

ABIGAL SMITH, the next birth after my mother, was born on the 6th day of September, 1794, in Bangor, Me., and died in Buxport, Me., November, 1831, aged thirty-seven years.

ELIJAH SMITH JR., the next, was born in Orrington, Me., Oct. 20, 1796; went to Ingersoll, in Oxford, Canada west, where his sister, my mother, was then living, and where he married the beautiful Miss Mariah Carroll, the "belle of Oxford," and where he was soon after taken away from his lovely bride by small pox, leaving one daughter, who married a Mr. Sumner, of Westminster, London Dist., Canada.

BENJAMIN SMITH, was the next, who was born in Orrington, Me., December 13, 1798, and died in Dixmont, in 1851, aged fifty-three years. The next was :

LYDIA SMITH, born in Orrington, Me., February 24, 1801. She died in Buxport, in 1847, aged forty-six years. The next was :

JAMES BRYANT SMITH, born July 15, 1803, and died where he had lived many years, at his old homestead in Dixmont, in 1882, aged seventy-nine years.

ANN VINCENT SMITH, born in Orrington, Me., June 3, 1805; died August 31, 1825, aged twenty years.

ORRINGTON SMITH, my mother's youngest brother, was born in Orrington, Me., Aug. 18, 1807. He lived many years in the old homestead near Buxport, where, taking my good mother with me, we had a never to be forgotten visit in 1855, as stated before. Orrington Smith died at his old homestead near Buxport, Me., Feb. 18, 1882, aged seventy-five years; same age as his sister, my mother.

NOAH CLARK, the fourth child of Seth Clark, as I have already written, was my father. He was born in Guilford, Vermont, May 16, 1786. From here he went to the city of Bangor, where, in 1811, he met and married Jane Smith, the daughter of Elijah Smith, of Old Pomfret, Ct. He was then twenty-five, and his bride nineteen. And here in this same city, the next year, 1812, Geo. W. Clark was born, on the east bank of the old Penobscot river. When the war of 1812 was raging, my father was residing on the British side of the lines, but went back to Bangor and raised a company of volunteers, and, knowing where the enemy's post was located, and that a number of British officers were stationed at that post, took his squad of men and went over in the night, and while they were playing cards, surrounded their quarters, made them all prisoners, and marched them over and delivered them to his colonel, in Bangor.

On the restoration of peace, and after a voyage to the British West Indies, bringing us some curiosities there from. Capt. Clark, with his young bride (my mother), in 1815, bid adieu to their native New England, making his father and mother and brother Seth Clark, a last farewell visit at the old homestead in Burk, Vermont, on their way to Rochester, in the then far off Genesee, in Western New York. My father was a carpenter, builder and millwright; and here he helped to build those famous bridges across that awful gorge below the lower falls of the Genesee river, at Carthage, Rochester, N. Y. This was in 1817. In 1819, Capt. Clark was engaged by Chas. Ingersoll, Esq., member of the Canadian Parliament, to build the first flouring mill, saw mill, store and houses in and around what is now the city of Ingersoll, then Canada West (now Ontario), and named it after its worthy founder, Hon. Chas. Ingersoll. My father also built the first mill at Dorchester, a little west of Ingersoll.

It was in this beautiful town of Oxford, and on the thriving Harris Street, about one mile south east of Ingersoll, that my father lost his life by falling from a house he was building for Eld. James Harris, a Baptist minister. His skull was fractured by striking a large stone where he fell, and though he breathed for an hour, he was unconscious to the last, recognizing no one. The swiftest horse brought my agonising mother to his side just before he breathed his last, but no bewailing, no heart-rending appeals of anguish, produced the slightest recognition. The vital spark of life had fled. We children did not arrive until after he had ceased to breathe, and it was a long time before we could realize that we were fatherless. I can still see most vividly my dear mother's ghastly face as she paced through and through that leafy orchard on the north side of the house, wringing her hands in bitter anguish, and bemoaning the untimely death, and the irreparable loss of her young and beloved husband. For weeks and months her cheeks were daily and nightly wet with scalding tears. It seemed impossible for her to reconcile herself to her sudden and unexpected widowhood, with four little fatherless children, the oldest, Geo. W., but ten years of age, and in a strange land among strangers, far away from her native home and friends. Night and morning she would retire with her little fatherless children into her closet and all upon our knees, she would pour out her soul in earnest prayer to the "God of the widow and the fatherless." God heard her prayers and gave her comforting assurances of His care and protection. She had already, and but a short time before, buried two darling children, a little son and daughter. Yet her faith and her trust in her Heavenly Father never faltered or forsook her. She would take us children into the solitary grove near by, a favorite resort, and there repeat her cherished hymn from Dr. Watts:—

"Give to the winds thy fears,
Hope and be undismayed ;
God hears thy sighs, He counts thy tears,
He will lift up thy head ;
Through waves, and clouds and storms,
He gently clears the way ;
Wait thou His time, so shall this night,
Soon end in glorious day."

God raised up for her, many kind-hearted, sympathising and helpful friends. Her devoted, consistent, Christian and exemplary life commanded

universal respect and Christian sympathy. Though an open communion Baptist, in the church militant, she was no sectarian, but loved the children of God wherever she met them—of whatever name, nation or denomination; and many thousand pilgrims have been encouraged and cheered on their journey to the Celestial City by the beautiful and soul-stirring songs of Zion she loved so well and used so sweetly and effectively to sing in great religious gatherings, conference meetings, class meetings, camp meetings, etc. I can see her saintly face all aglow, even now, as she stood in the midst of those great congregations and poured out her soul in some of those grand old inspirational hymns.

She was a woman of a rare and remarkably mild, pleasant and uniform Christian temperament. I never saw her in the least perturbed, ruffled or in a passion; but, happen what there might, she invariably manifested the same mild, sweet and pleasant Christian spirit; and I never heard a harsh, uncouth or unpleasant word, under any provocation, fall from her lips.

She was plain, modest, unassuming and unostentatious in her intercourse with all. Her adorning was not that outward plaiting of the hair, wearing of gold or putting on of apparel, but the hidden virtues of the heart, in that which is not corruptable; a meek and a quiet spirit, which in the sight of God is of great price. As a wife and mother she was one of the most kind, careful, circumspect, devoted and unselfish of women. She lived a long, eventful and useful life, and continued unceasingly to serve humanity, working with her own hands until within a few hours of the end, dying suddenly from an inward rupture of a polypus. From such a pure and devoted life, such a peaceful, hopeful and glorious ending was to be expected. Her room seemed full of angels. Her last words were: "Oh, how pleasant! How Heavenly! How glorious is this place!" She lay her head calmly over on my brother Seth's bosom, and went trustingly to sleep in Jesus, without a groan or a sigh. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord." "Yea, saith the Spirit, for they rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."

All that is mortal of our dear, gentle mother, now sleeps, as I before said, in the lovely "Forest Lawn Cemetery," at Buffalo, N. Y.

"As buried saints their graves perfume,
Where, fadeless, they've long been lying,
So our hearts shall borrow a sweetning bloom,
From the image she left us, living and dying."

HER LAST ILLNESS AND SUDDEN AND PEACEFUL DEPARTURE,

I had been watching with my sick mother in Buffalo several days, but she appeared so much better the day before her departure, all thought I could return to Rochester on important business that day, but it was only to be summoned back to Buffalo that night, but alas, too late to witness the glorious translation of my blessed mother.

My father brought us from the city of Bangor, Me., to Rochester, N. Y. in 1817, when I was but five years old. The only thing I recollect of that time was, we got stuck in the mud at the centre of the city, about where Power's grand block now stands. That locality was then a quagmire. My father was offered land there for twenty-five cents an acre, and refused it at that and

went over the river and purchased a farm where Elon Huntington's place now stands.

The main travel then from the East to the West, was on the famous Ridge Road. But when travelers came to the great gorge of the Genesee river, they had to turn up the stream, ford the river above the upper falls, wallow through the quagmire on the west side, and make their way down the river to the Ridge road again the best way they could, a distance of six or seven miles.

This diversion from their course, the inconvenience and the loss of time it occasioned, settled the question of a bridge across the awful chasm of the Genesee, at Carthage. The first bridge fell before it was finished owing to the great height and weight of the timbers, and some defect in the plan of construction, and one of the workingmen was killed by falling one hundred and fifty feet on the rocks below. A second structure was rather more successful, and was completed. But the commissioners would not accept it without a guarantee that it should stand a year. It was guaranteed, and stood a year and one day. The next day after the guarantee expired, old Mrs. Howe, the celebrated Baker Howe's mother, was driving over it with a one-horse wagon, from the west side, and, becoming dizzy from the great height and yawning gulf below, started her horse on a trot, thus causing a vibration of the wonderful bridge, and the old woman had but just reached the east bank when the immense structure went down with the crash of seven thunders.

Some years after this disaster, a suspension bridge was erected at the same spot, by a Mr. Bissell, but a wet and heavy snow fall the succeeding winter carried this frail thing down, with a big crash. No body, however, was hurt—but the taxpayers. While this feeble and shakey structure was standing, I took a friend, Mr. Hyde, who was visiting me from Old Lebanon, Ct., to see the wonders of that locality, and had driven my horse and carriage but a quarter of the way over the river, when his head began to whirl and he begged me to return and land him on terra firma, which I was more than willing to do.

Now, modern science has mastered the situation, and two grand, beautiful, permanent and safe cantalever bridges span this wide, deep and wonderful gorge. And here, at the upper falls, for there are two, about half a mile apart, the famous and fool-hardy "Sam Patch," from N. J., took his last fatal leap, one hundred and twenty-five feet into the boiling abyss below, never to rise again. Thousands of people lined the banks on both sides the river, eagerly waiting but in vain the resurrection of the fool-hardy "Sam Patch." He "died as the fool dieth." He was staggering drunk when he reeled and tumbled off his scaffold into eternity. The next spring his bloated body was found down at the mouth of the Genesee river, some seven miles below the falls; another deluded and murdered victim of the liquor traffic.

THE FAMILY OF GEORGE WASHINGTON CLARK AND LOUISA ELLIOT CLARK.

George Washington Clark and Louisa Elliot were married on the great Governor's Road, between Burford and Bleinheim, Ontario, August 17, 1834. Their children were :

Eliza Jane, born at Oxford, Canada, September 18, 1835.

Mary Emily, born at Saline, Mich., April 27, 1838, married L. M. Prentiss, Chicago, who died December 10th, 1896.

Edward C. Delavan, born at Jackson, Mich., Sept. 3, 1840; was named after the famous Temperance Philanthropist, of Ballston, Saratoga, who had done so much for the temperance cause throughout the world. The next was:

George W. Clark, Jr., born at York, Lev. Co., N. Y., Oct. 2, 1842.

Louis Mariah, born at Victor, Ontario Co., N. Y., Nov. 7, 1847, married Charles W. Davis, Chicago.

Charles Lamartine Clark, born at Rochester, N. Y., April 9, 1851.

Clarence Arthur Clark, born at Henrietta, Monroe Co., N. Y., September 1, 1862.

When Geo. W. and Seth Clark took to themselves wives, they went to work and with their own hands built for themselves a house and store, and went into the mercantile business, in Woodstock, Canada. They had just got well started in business when the agitation of the question of Government Reform commenced by Wm. Lyon McKenzie, of the Toronto Globe, Dr. Rolf, Dr. Chas. Duncomb, Papineau and other able men of both Provinces, which finally culminated in the rebellion or "Patriot War" of 1837. Not being a British subject, nor in sympathy with the Tory administration, I refused to take up arms and go down and help drive McKenzie from Navy Island. For this I was imprisoned, and, while a prisoner, my wife and child came in to see me, and as they were leaving I gave my wife my pocket-book of notes and accounts to take home and safely keep. She was immediately arrested. Two women were found and sworn in as special constables, who stripped her as naked as she was born, searched her to the skin for treasonable papers, but finding none released and sent her home. My brother's wife was served in the same chivalrous way, but not a scratch of the pen rewarded these official Tories in their loyal search for treason against the British Crown, or the Provincial Government.

After waiting and enduring my "durance vile," as long as I could stand it, having a filthy old whiskey and tobacco soak pacing up and down my room every day and night, and squirting his filthy and loathsome tobacco slobber all over the room, watching every motion and listening to every word or whisper. I felt it was undeserved, and insufferable, and I appealed and protested. I had done no wrong ; committed no crime against the Government, and had not been accused even of "disturbing the peace." "I therefore demandad my release." The old scared and frightened magistrates, such as old Judge Barwick, Squire Grayham, Capt. Drew, etc., concluded to hold me to bail in fifty pounds sterling, to "keep the peace for twelve months," and in another bond of fifty pounds to appear at the next court of quarter-sessions in case I should commit some crime against the Crown or Government hereafter. These demands were unjust and absurd. I had in no way laid myself liable or in no way made myself amenable to such unreasonable exactions, and

refused to comply. I was then told I must comply or lie in the old London jail until the next term of the court. My brother-in-law, George Henry Elliot, who had been in the indigo trade in Calcutta, had just returned and readily signed my bond and I was released. I at once decided I would not live in a country or under a government where I had to give bonds to keep the peace, and appear at any and every subsequent court, in case I should commit some crime against the government thereafter.

I at once made arrangements with a man to move my family to Michigan in due time, and hired a passage in a sleigh with a Mr. Church and Hughes, but when we reached the Delaware bridge, below London, we found it blockaded with police who required "passes." It was now nightfall, and we laid over. In the morning I had passes written, as follows: "Let the bearers pass to the lines or elsewhere on the frontier," and signed J. Hatch, Justice of the Peace, Woodstock, Feb., &c., 1837.

Friends Church and Hughes took their passes and after getting over the Delaware bridge all right, turned northerly and crossed over the lines into Michigan, near Bear Creek, on their passes, without any trouble. I hired a Frenchman with his pony and pung who took me direct to Windsor, just the time of the schooner "Ann Affair," when Dr. Theller was expected over with his "Patriot Army" to take all Canada. The city was full of people, citizens, soldiers and British officers. I was dressed for the occasion, with a long, blue frock coat, sash and belt, British officer fashion; and when the dinner bell rang I joined the rush, went in with the elite British officers, had a good aristocratic dinner and highly enjoyed the sanguine gush with which they were going to "use up the d—— Yankees." In the meantime I had my eye on the ferry boat, and when the centurion was at the farthest point on his beat up and down from the boat, I jumped on board and was soon ferried over where I could shout "Hail Columbia!" Friends Hughes and Church had come down from Bear Creek, and were waiting on the Detroit dock to welcome, and join me in congratulations and good cheer.

On my arrival in Michigan I immediately went to work in the Temperance cause, and established at Ann Arbor, "The Michigan Temperance Herald," the first Temperance and Prohibition Journal published in this State. This was in 1838. We soon found, with many others, the climate too miasmatic and bilious, at that time, for our working existence in Michigan. I frequently returned home from lecturing tours through the State, to find my wife and children on the bed shaking with the ague and fever, and I was finally taken down myself with inflammation of the liver, which reduced me to death's door. The doctors said I must leave the State, and advised my going to Saratoga Springs, N. Y. I finally turned my Journal over to Benjamin L. Mather, Esq., acting magistrate of Jackson, and as soon as I was able, took my family and left for Saratoga, one of my sick girls nearly dying while crossing the Lake to Buffalo. And we shall never forget a scene that transpired on board our steamer passing up the lake. On board our boat was that iniquitous appendage, a "bar," which has caused the wreck of many hundreds of vessels and many thousands of lives. During that day hundreds resorted to that "bar" for "drinks" including passengers, captain and hands; all men freely indulged but me. I went to the same "bar" to get some "ice water" for our

sick and suffering children, but was refused, though offering to pay for it. I was coolly told by this humane toddy stick gent, that he kept ice water for the accommodation of his liquor customers, and they must be accommodated for all any body else.

There was on board a very respectable, well dressed and genteel family from Pittsburg, the father, mother, three bright and beautiful children, and their nursing maid. I had a most delightful time playing and romping during that pleasant day with these lovely children, whose refined ways were captivating indeed. This lovely family were to be landed that evening, but the drunken captain instead of running the steamer up to the dock or wharf as he should have done, ordered his drunken men to lower a boat and row them to shore which was some little distance from the ship. The men in the delirium of whisky, hurried their craft into the water, and their passengers into the craft without putting the plug into the plug hole in the bottom of the boat. The result was, in a few moments the boat began of course to fill with water, the passengers to scream, and sympathetic screams from passengers on the steamer who witnessed the terrible scene without any power to help. The awful result was, those three beautiful children, their maiden nurse, and one gentleman passenger were drowned. The steamer was held there until the next morning. But what an awful night was that! I can see that poor ghastly ghost-like mother's face, as she lay all that long night groaning and moaning and wildly calling "Captain! Oh, Captain! Give me back my murdered children! There! there! oh, there! I see them! I see them! Oh, my God! my God! My dear children! my dear children! Alas! alas!

"Oh, thou infernal Spirit of Rum!
If thou hadst no name by which to know thee,
We would call thee DEVIL!"

EDWARD C. DELAVAN CLARK, married Louisa Weller. Their children were:

Bessie Clark and Nona Clark, both born at Detroit, Mich.

GEORGE W. CLARK, JR., married Louise Dutton of Chicago, Illinois, in 1870. To them was born but one child, a daughter:

Louise Dutton Clark in St. Charles Illinois, Aug. 17, 1872; the death of her mother soon following.

CHARLES L. CLARK, married Georgiana Frazer, daughter of Thos. Frazer, Esq., of Detroit, May 17, 1887. Their children are:

Cecelia Louise Clark, born July 25th, 1888, in Detroit.

Georgiana Margurite Clark, born May 22, 1890, in Detroit.

Charles Elliot Frazer Clark, born Feb. 17, 1892, in Detroit.

CLARENCE ARTHUR CLARK, married Mary Hulbert, of Oconomowoc, Wis. Their only child, a boy, whose name is

Philip Sheridan Clark, was born Oct. 1, 1892, in Gladstone, Mich.

GEORGE WASHINGTON CLARK, JR., son of Geo. W. Clark, enlisted as a private in the 4th Michigan Cavalry, in 1862; the regiment which had the distinguished honor of capturing that old arch traitor Jefferson Davis, and of participating in more engagements during the war than any other Michigan regiment ; possibly more than any other in the army. He was promoted for gallant conduct, first as Company Commissary Sergeant ; second as Regimental Commissary Sergeant ; third, Sergeant-major. Then as 2nd Lieut., and afterwards a Captain ; and by brevet, a commission entitling an officer to rank above his pay ; and as Major when mustered out at the end of the war, in 1865.

RETURNED TO CANADA.

In 1833, the two young men, George and Seth, returned to Canada, where they taught District schools by day and music schools by night ; Geo. W. in the meantime lecturing and organizing Temperance Societies in the London and Gore districts. Rev. Charles C. Foote, in the *Christian Cynosure*, writes in his reminiscences : "We now turn to events which gave a new direction to the life of Brother Clark, while teaching in Oxford, Canada. In one of his classes was a young English girl of rare beauty and loveliness who won his heart at first sight, and who reciprocated his affections. In due time, after a most romantic love affair, for the girl had another persistent and tenacious suitor, who was courting and had secured the favor and consent of the parents. Our hero, however, won and married Miss Louise. She was the daughter of Josiah Elliot, Esq., merchant, at Beachville, Canada, but not long before was from Hayes, Middlesex, near London, England ; where Miss Louise was born, June 22, 1817. She was sister to Harriet Parke, recently deceased in London, widow of the late Hon. Mr. Thos. Parke, member of the Provincial Parliament ; sister to Eliza Elliot, a beautiful woman who married James Wilkes, Esq., merchant, and for many years magistrate and reeve or mayor of Brantford city. Another sister, Ellen, married Dr. Young, of Lockport, N. Y., and a third sister, Emily, married Robert Street ; they living for years at Portland, Oregon. Her oldest brother, Chas. Elliot, lived and died in London, Eng. Her second brother, Geo. H. Elliot, lives in Australia. Her third brother, Josiah, in Rochester, N.Y. Her fourth brother, Alfred, in Chicago, Ill. Her fifth brother, Edward C. Elliot, for many years commission merchant in New York city ; now retired ; lives in East Orange, N. J., but sojourning at present in Germany with his daughters. The father was intensely English, and not particularly partial to the "Yankees." Mr. Clark was a born "Yankee," yet recognized a "pretty English girl" when he saw her. But he often said his own parents could not be more considerate or kind than Mr. and Mrs. Elliot were to him—"after we were married," and as long as they lived thereafter. Mr. Josiah Elliot was born in Hayes, England, October 26, 1779 ; died in Woodstock, Canada, August 19, 1847, aged sixty-eight years. Mrs. Eliza Compson Elliot was also born in Hayes, England, March 5, 1778, and died in Rochester, N. Y., May 6, 1866, aged seventy-eight years ; and was buried in the lovely Mount Hope Cemetery, Rochester, N. Y. She was one of the most refined, unassuming, retiring and amiable of women ; and died as she had lived, a true and consistent Christian, respected and beloved by all who knew her.

SETH CLARK THIRD.

SETH CLARK, ESQ., of Buffalo, N. Y., my brother, was a child of pain and sorrow for a life long. When but six years of age he hurt his right knee, when living in Ingersoll, Canada, getting over a high fence. His physical sufferings began from this injury and soon became intense, and continued days and nights for weeks, when my father called a council of physicians who decided they could not cure, or save his limb or life without amputation. They thought they might possibly save the knee-joint, but when the celebrated Dr. Charles Duncomb (Member of Parliament, who was associated with Wm. Lyon McKenzie, Dr. Rolph, Drs. Bidwell, Papineau, and others in the Reform Revolution in Canada, of 1837) came to see the limb he decided at once that it must be taken off above the knee, and as near the body as possible.

The surgeon ordered the juvenile to be bound to the table for the operation, but the brave little fellow stoutly objected, saying : "let me sit on my pa's lap, and I will be perfectly still." Seeing the boy's courage and determination the doctor consented. No chloroform or sedative in those days to ease or mitigate the sufferer's pain! He was accordingly placed in his "pa's lap" on a table. The parent himself nearly fainting away, but the brave boy never flinched, tho' neither hands or feet were tied or held during the trying ordeal. But his shrieks were distinctly heard for half a mile distant as the scalpel went slashing through the live flesh and as the harsh saw went tearing through the bone, and especially at the taking up of the delicate and sensitive arteries and the sewing up of the delicate stump. After the heroic lad was laid quietly away to rest, and had received the congratulations of sympathizing friends and neighbors, Dr. Duncomb, to convince all of the correctness of his decision, cut open the knee joint and found it as he had assured us, badly diseased, and, cutting open the leg below the knee, the shin bone at once rolled out. It had rotted off from its connection at both ends. The fearful disease which gave the poor boy so much pain and suffering, whether fever sore as some alleged, or from his blood being poisoned with drug dosing, which cost the lad his limb and nearly cost him his life as well, was never known by us. Not long after, the same disease broke out on his right arm, and continued a painful running sore for many years, nearly paralyzing his arm, causing him intense suffering, almost driving him to distraction. The endless applications tried in treatment seemed to do him no good whatever.

In 1836, when 22 years of age, he married Mary Robinson, of Lancaster, Erie Co., N. Y. She was a lovely girl and an affectionate wife and mother. But her health failed early from a hereditary disease, and her husband took her south to Mississippi, but she did not recover, and he finally took her back to Buffalo, where she died, and was buried in the beautiful "Forest Lawn Cemetery," where a son, her husband (my brother Seth), and my blessed mother also are now sleeping the sleep of the dead. But one member of this Seth Clark family remains, Charles Adelbert Clark, of Buffalo, N. Y., formerly Clerk to the Mayor of that city, and for some years superintendent of the Akron Waterline Works, near Buffalo.

Seth Clark was a remarkably active boy, and became a most energetic, enterprising and successful business man. Soon after the loss of his leg he was the first to perch himself upon the top of the ridge-pole of a new barn built near by, and when he was but fourteen years of age he walked with his brother George forty-miles, on one bitter cold, frosty day, through the snow in the dead of winter, a feat which not every two-legged man would easily perform. For better advantages of education and cultivated society, his brother induced him to "come to the States," where he obtained a place for him in the same Academy (Prof. Hyde's), and a comfortable home for him in the family of the generous hearted Dr. Harry Allen, of Honeoye Falls, N. Y., with whom Geo. W. was then living. The good doctor's kindness was never forgotten by the "two fatherless boys from Canada." George and Seth then entered Prof. Hyde's Mendon Academy for an education, and pursued their studies as best they could "under difficulties," entirely dependent, under a kind Providence, upon their own brain and muscle, alternately working with their own hands, and teaching both day schools and music schools to pay their way, thus utilizing their vacations for getting an honest living and a practical education.

While attending the Academy at Honeoye Falls, N. Y., an interesting revival of religion was in progress at the neighboring village of Lima. Seth was taken to Lima by his brother, and here in Rev. Dr. Barnard's church he was converted, and returned rejoicing in his Saviour. The joy of his loving, anxious mother, who had not ceased to pray for the salvation of her children, may be imagined when she heard of the conversion of her fatherless and crippled son.

DEATH AND FUNERAL OF SETH CLARK.

As was to be expected after Seth Clark's long residence in Buffalo, and his extensive business transactions, social, civic and political relations, his funeral drew together an immense concourse of people. His pastor, the Rev. Dr. Hecock, was assisted by a large number of the most distinguished clergymen of Buffalo, of all denominations, and the services were of the most solemn and affecting character, even to tears and sobs of anguish. Seth Clark had many loving friends in Buffalo. The casket was covered with black cloth, and tastefully mounted with silver. On the lid was a large silver plate, bearing the following inscription:

SETH CLARK,

Born in Old Lemon, Me., April 10, 1814.

DIED IN BUFFALO, N. Y., DECEMBER 7, 1875.

Aged 61 Years.

A large floral anchor wreath and cross from Mrs. T. A. Jebbs, was laid on the coffin.

Eight of his fellow citizens served as pall bearers, and an immense concourse of people followed the cortege to the beautiful "Forest Lawn Cemetery," where the mortal remains of Seth Clark were deposited, and now sleep by the side of his father and mother, his wife and son, and where also stands a monument which he had erected a few years before by the grave of his sainted mother.

Seth Clark's duties during these several years were multiform and exacting, requiring good sound judgment, wise foresight and executive ability. He discharged all these duties intelligently, faithfully and satisfactorily. His untiring energy, promptitude and unfailing courtesy, won for him good opinions and friendships that followed him through life. He subsequently invested heavily in the lumber business; had a lumber mill at Saginaw, Mich., and several vessels for freighting goods up the lakes and for carrying his lumber down the lakes to Buffalo, where he had a lumber yard and a planing mill. He was also a stockholder in the Akron Water Lime and Cement Works, and was Secretary of the Company. He also owned a controlling interest in the great Buffalo Elevator, and the Grand Trunk Railway Depot of that city; and at one time was rated to be worth over \$250,000.00. He served as alderman of his ward, and was for many years a ruling elder in Dr. Hecock's Presbyterian Church and a superintendent of their large Sabbath school, and at times a leader of their choir. He took a deep interest in prison discipline and prison reform, and for years conducted early Sabbath morning services. When his brother, Geo. W., was in the city, he was always invited to speak and sing to the wretched victims of the saloons, in the Buffalo Penitentiary. Here he had large and attentive audiences where every Sabbath morning he sowed good seed, and in many instances saw good fruitage long after.

Seth Clark was of a social, affable, free-hearted and confiding nature. His well known generosity was taken advantage of by professed friends, and believing them honest, sincere, good as their word, he was induced to endorse for them heavily which involved him in losses of many thousands of dollars. Alas! to parodize a little on Burns: "Man's treachery to man makes countless thousands mourn!"

Seth Clark was a brave and fearless man, and to the day of his death bore scars on his body made by prisoners whose efforts to escape from the jail while he was Deputy Sheriff, and which he frustrated and prevented by his coolness and daring under fire.

The city papers all had very kindly notices of Mr. Clark's active, useful, devoted, business, as well as religious life, among them such as the following: "Mr. Clark took an active part in religious matters and duties which made him a respected and beloved leader. He was noted for practical piety as well as for his activity in commercial transactions. He bought and sold in many legitimate branches of trade, organized stock companies and induced prudent men to share in his ventures. He was the ready and sincere friend of all men, and the enemy of none."

He was by letter transferred from the Presbyterian Church, of Lancaster, to Dr. Hecock's Presbyterian Church, of Buffalo. He at once took a prominent position among the Christian workers of the city, which he had maintained ever since he was made an elder of Lafayette Street Church, and discharged its responsible duties with entire satisfaction some ten years. The work with which Mr. Clark has been particularly identified was that of holding services at the Erie Penitentiary in this city. It was said of him by a prominent Buffalo clergyman of another denomination, that he had accomplished more real Christian work in the prisons than any minister in Buffalo.

Another paper speaking of Mr. Clark's activity, enterprise, and his usefulness to Buffalo, said :

"The necessity had long existed for more and better accommodations at the Erie County Penitentiary, whereby the male and female convicts might be kept in separate buildings. The board of supervisors appointed Mr. Seth Clark as a commissioner to prepare the necessary plans, procure the materials and superintend the construction of the building. Mr. Clark had been for a number of years familiar with prison discipline, was well acquainted with all the wants and necessities of such an institution, knew exactly what was needed by the County, and we congratulate the board upon the selection of Mr. Clark to carry out the objects contemplated in their appropriation. Mr. Clark, before completing his plans, visited the penitentiaries and work-houses of Rochester, Albany, and other cities, and with the aid of their superintendents, and by improvements of his own, has succeeded in erecting a prison adapted for female convicts which cannot, for taste in the construction, arrangement of the registry room, hospital, sewing room, pantry, cells, prison yard, etc., be excelled even by the model prison at Albany. The materials used are of the very best description, and no pains have been spared in seeing the appropriation faithfully and judiciously expended, and with as little expense to the County as possible."

It is an incident worthy of note here, that when Seth Clark left Canada, in 1838, stripped of everything by the rebellion, he had but a single two-shilling shin plaster left in his depleted pocket book. I have that identical shin plaster in a good state of preservation in my pocket book now.

Seth Clark went from Canada, after this rebellion, to Lancaster, Erie Co., N. Y., where he at once found friends and was soon in the mercantile business with his brother-in-law, Norman R. Dewey, Esq. He was soon after elected constable and collector, and appointed Deputy Sheriff of Erie County. In 1840 he was appointed postmaster of Lancaster, by Hon. John M. Niles, postmaster-general of the United States at that time.

NOTE.—Subsequently, on account of his wife's ill health, he took her to Mississippi, where he continued in trade two years, when, his sick wife getting no better, he returned to Buffalo, where he was soon again appointed Deputy Sheriff and Jailor of Erie County, and crier of the Court. I met and had an interesting visit with him and his wife in Cincinnati on their return, where he gave me some horrible facts of the depraved, or devilish savagery of slave holders, that were perpetrated not far from the place where he lived in Mississippi. Some poor slaves demanded the freedom to which they were entitled, and which they had been repeatedly promised by their kind old master for their faithfulness, but had been denied them by his drunken and profligate sons. By some accident or oversight a little child was burned to death about this time. These slaves were accused, it was believed falsely, of setting fire to the house. Nine of them were seized, locked up in a shanty, the place set on fire and the poor wronged, robbed and outraged creatures were burned to death amid agonizing shrieks and groans that rent the air for miles around. Alas! as said Burns: "Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn." This savage and shocking cruelty was

resorted to in order to terrify and hold the poor hapless slaves in awe and subjection, and keep them from "rising for liberty." Thomas Jefferson might well have said : "He trembled for his country when he remembered that God was just and that His justice would not slumber forever." And it did not. Look at the thousands slain in the retributions that came of it.

CHARLES ADELBERT, SON OF SETH AND MARY CLARK,

Born at Lancaster, N. Y., April 7, 1839 ; married Helen Augusta Cole-grove, July 30, 1862, in Sardinia, N. Y. Their children were :

Seth Colegrove, born Sept. 18, 1863, at Sardinia, N. Y.

Charles Adelbert Clark, Jr., born at Buffalo, N. Y., July 10, 1866 ; died in Chicago, Ill., October 9, 1893, aged twenty-seven years.

Katharine Jane Clark, born at Buffalo, N. Y., March 26, 1869.

Thomas Dewey Clark, born at Akron, N. Y., Jan. 22, 1871 ; died at Akron, N. Y., Dec. 31, 1872, aged one year and eleven months.

Helen Clark, born at Akron, N. Y., Oct. 29, 1873.

The children of Seth Colegrove and Annie Smith Gail Clark, were :

Mary Gail Clark, born at Berlin, Germany, Nov. 1, 1892.

Margaret Veech Clark, born at Buffalo, N. Y., Nov. 1, 1896.

The children of Charles Adelbert Clark, Jr. and Elizabeth Cozzins Kimball Clark :

Kenneth Clark, born at Buffalo, N. Y., Nov. 28, 1890.

The children of Katharine Jane and Henry Fitch Clark :

Hamilton Rosa Clark, born at Buffalo, N. Y., Oct. 31, 1891.

Chas. Adelbert Clark served his three years in a N. Y. heavy battery as Captain in the army of the Potomac, during the war of the rebellion. He was a Captain in the 21st New York Battery.

My son, Charles Lamartine Clark, wishes his father to say something in this work of the early reformers and of the most prominent leaders in the temperance, anti-slavery, anti-secret society, and woman's rights reformers, whom I knew, and with whom I was associated in those early struggles that tried men's "bodies and souls." Time and space will allow but a brief allusion to only a few of the most prominent of those noble characters here.

In 1808, in the town of Moreau, Saratoga Co., N. Y., lived Dr. James B. Clark, familiarly called "Dr. Billie Clark." He was a native of North Hampton, Mass., but migrated to N. Y. State, where he was elected to the New York Legislature in 1821, and a Presidential Elector in 1848. He had read the famous Dr. Rush's work on the effects of ardent spirits on the "Human Organism," and was converted. He startled his friend and neighbor, Rev. Lebbins Armstrong, their good minister, one day, by saying : "We shall become a community of drunkards in this town unless something is done to arrest the progress of intemperance." He then and there proposed the formation of a Temperance Society, and by the co-operation of Rev. Lebbius Armstrong, a constitution was drawn up, and the first Temperance Society in this country or in the known world, was there and then organized. Although there were many total abstainers long years before this, even in old Scripture

times, viz., the Nazarites, Samson, John the Baptist, and many others. The Rechabites, who were originally Kenites, who abstained entirely from wine and strong drink, and as they were promised, "they never wanted a man, a priest, to stand before the altar of the Lord."

This first Temperance Society, at Moreau, N. Y., was organized April 30, 1808, with forty-three members, and with increasing numbers continued fourteen years, when it adopted total abstinence from all intoxicating drinks. Dr. James B. Clark, its founder, was a son of my grandfather's brother, of North Hampton, Mass. The Doctor lived to a good, ripe, temperance old age, dying at Glens Falls, N. Y., in 1867, aged eighty-nine years (three years older than I am at this writing). I met this good brother Armstrong at a great temperance jubilee mass meeting we had in Albany, N. Y. He was an intelligent, kindly, humane looking Christian minister, conscious of the great and good work in which he was engaged. We had in this, the "Capitol city," at Albany, a grand temperance jubilee. So great were the crowds that gathered that the "overflow meetings" called for, filled nearly all the great churches in the city. I was kindly taken by the friends all around from church to church and from temple to temple to pour out my soul in temperance songs to these great crowds of enthusiastic people. It was a glorious gathering of noble men and women, and exerted a grand influence for good throughout the country.

In this noble State were found also such able, great-souled and generous-hearted men as Edward C. Delavan, of Ballston, Pa., who built that grand Delavan Temperance Hotel, in Albany, and, with Dr. Elaphphalet Nott, of Union College, formed the New York State Temperance Society, and sent Temperance Missionaries to Europe at his own expense to promulgate the Temperance Gospel. He procured the names of the Presidents of the United States from Jackson down to Johnson, declaring the use of ardent spirits, not only needless, but hurtful, and recommending their entire disuse. He supported the "Temperance Intelligencer, and Temperance Recorder," the latter having a circulation of over 200,000 copies. He exposed the mercenary Beer Brewers of Albany for using rotten, stinking water in making their celebrated "Albany Ale." This water was taken from a stagnant pool where the people threw their dead horses, dead hogs, dogs, cats, etc. This exposure "hurt the feelings" of the tender-hearted brewers, and they prosecuted Mr. Delavan, laying their damages at the very modest little sum of \$300,000. Mr. Delavan brought carmen into court from many different sections, who had carted that rotten water for the brewers. They testified to driving their horses and carts down into the stinking pool, letting them stand there while with their buckets they filled their casks, the horses often adding their "dippings" into the pool. One of the carmen testified that there was two dead cats hanging to his bucket at one of his dippings. Whether this was the usual quantum of dead cats to a bucket of rotten water, the sage court failed to elicit. The ingenious brewers then claimed that "fermentation" sent all this foul matter to the surface, or top of the mash, when it was skinned off and removed. Mr. Delavan was prepared to prove that this skinned off foulness was sold to the people and bakers as yeast. So what they did not get of the rotten pool in the brewers beer they guzzled, they got in the bakers bread they ate upon their tables. Mr. Delavan was able, not only to prove his charges, but

to prove more, and the crestfallen brewers had to withdraw their suits ; and Mr. Delavan and the friends of temperance were triumphant, and the celebrated "Albany Ale" took a long deserved tumble. I was traveling that year and lecturing on temperance through the middle and New England States, and every where I went I saw the brazen posters, "The Celebrated Albany Ale Sold Here," "Albany Ale Sold Here." But the next year you would seldom see such a sign, they had mostly disappeared. But Albany brewers were not alone guilty of these gross frauds and impositions. Men who are so destitute of moral principle, so reckless of the welfare of their fellow creatures, and good society, as to engage in the traffic of intoxicating drinks, with all the knowledge that now exists of its baleful effects, will not hesitate to violate any law, human or Divine, that stands in the way of their selfish or sensual interests or gratification.

In New York and in London, as well as many other large towns, vile water and vile drugs have been extensively used, and numerous prosecutions of the outlaws, and heavy fines have been imposed upon the villains who thus outrage decency and jeopardize the health and lives of the people, and yet the shameless, devilish frauds go on, and will, until entire prohibition shall sweep the whole satanic business out of existence. It is well known that for years brewers have taken water for making their delectable "ales and porters" from the Thames, just below the city of London, where all the filth and offal from slaughter houses and other vile sources of noxious and deadly filth abound, and numerous prosecutions take place ever and anon to punish and restrain these mercenary miscreants. In some of these large cities great eavetroughs and vats are built to catch and hold the rain from dirty roofs, until they fill with flies and worms and wiggler, caterpillars and polly-wogs, and until they all get "goody," fat and rotten, when they say this makes good, rich, ropey, mellow, voluptuous beer. Only think of the gross, the base cupidity developed in this most sensual and mercenary traffic. We may well ask : "how long, O, Lord, how long will the 'goody people,' not only tolerate, but actually give this dirty, deadly business their legal sanction by voting for parties that sustain and perpetuate for the wicked 'revenue' it brings the Government ! 'the wages of sin,' regardless of the woe pronounced by the word of God against him who putteth the cup to his neighbor's lips, who putteth the bottle to him and maketh him drunken." The cup of the Lord's right hand shall be turned unto him and shameful spewing shall be on his glory.

I want to leave this beautiful song by Rev. John Pierpont, of Boston, on record 'in this work for the benefit of my posterity and the rising generation, and as a protest against the unnatural, costly, and most pernicious drinks with which our country is being flooded, and which is "driving a hundred and fifty thousand of our people in this country to hell like sheep every year!"' I have sung this song to many, many thousands, and its beautiful sentiments were always enthusiastically applauded.

TUNE.—Auld Lang Syne.

Shall ere cold water be forgot,
 When we sit down to dine?
 Oh! no, my friends, for is it not
 Poured out by hands Divine,
 Poured out by hands Divine, my friends,
 Poured out by hands Divine;
 From springs and wells it gushes forth,
 Poured out by hands Divine.

To beauty's cheek, tho' strange it seem,
 'Tis not more strange than true;
 Cold water tho' itself so pale,
 Imparts the rosiest hue,
 Imparts the rosiest hue, my friends,
 Imparts the rosiest hue;
 Yes, beauty in a water pail
 Doth find her rosiest hue.

Cold water, too, tho' wonderful,
 'Tis not less true again;
 The weakest of all earthly drinks,
 Doth make the strongest men;
 Doth make the strongest men, my friends,
 Doth make the strongest men;
 Then let us drink this weakest drink,
 And grow the strongest men.

I've seen the bells of tulips turn,
 To drink the drops that fell,
 From summer clouds, then why should not
 The two lips of a belle;
 The two lips of a belle, my friends,
 The two lips of a belle;
 What sweetens more than water pure,
 The two lips of a Belle.

The sturdy oak, full many a cup,
 Doth hold up to the sky,
 To catch the rain and drinks it up,
 And thus the oaks get high;
 'Tis thus the oaks get high, my friends,
 'Tis thus the oaks get high,
 By having water in their cups,
 Then why not you and I.

Then let cold water armies give
 Their banners to the air,
 So shall our boys be strong like oaks,
 Our girls like tulips fair;
 Our girls like tulips fair, my friends,
 Our girls like tulips fair;
 Our boys shall be like sturdy oaks,
 Our girls like tulips fair.

The following extracts are from editorials in "The Christian Cynosure," published in Chicago, Ill.:

"It is seldom a man lives so long to battle in as many reforms as Bro. Geo. W. Clark, of Detroit. After spending his best days in the battle against American slavery, he has lived to give many years of valuable service to the

anti-secret and 'prohibition reforms.' In a recent letter he says, since his severe injury by a fall from his house he feels that his work on earth is almost done. He sends us the following strong testimony which he says 'is my latest, and may be my last earnest protest against the iniquitous liquor traffic.' He has dear relatives who give their influence to corrupt license parties, and he desires to warn them before he goes hence. He adds:

"Editors and speakers of the old license parties are alike fearful, and fail to say a word or strike a blow at the legal hydra-head of this deadly upas tree, the saloon itself, the saloon *per se*, or the criminal license that legalizes and perpetuates it, or the criminal responsibility of those who go to the ballot-box and deliberately vote the old pro-license tickets.

"They may continue to play their old license and 'regulation' racket until doom's day, and talk about the 'irregularities' of the saloons forever, but so long as they continue to plant, ground and root their main trunks by license, their pretended 'regulations,' restrictions and limitations will be futile, mere ropes of sand, most ridiculous nullities! The saloons will go on with their diabolical work the same forever! Men so void of virtue as to engage in the gross, sensual and devilish liquor traffic at the present day with all the knowledge of its physical, moral, social and political evils, may not be expected to have any regard for human or divine laws. They know that the license laws are made in the interest of the liquor-mongers and their co-partners, Uncle Sam's 'Revenue Department,' and they are bound to make the most out of the nefarious business regardless of its demoralizing and deadly effects. And what care they for a paltry fine now and then of five or ten dollars when the profits of an evening's run of their drunkard-making 'gin-mills' will more than pay the trifling fine imposed, with costs. The prosecution gives their gin-doggeries notoriety besides.

"What a travesty is all this! God has ordained law to be a terror to evildoers and a praise to them that do well. Was ever such another deadening and damning farce played off upon the world as this license scheme? That a civilized, not to say a Christianized, people should not only tolerate the existence but actually legalize in their very midst a traffic universally known and admitted to be the direct cause of eight-tenths of the pauperism, insanity, crime and misery, the disgraceful rows, riots and robberies, the frightful casualties and ghastly butcheries with which the community is being constantly shocked, is indeed one of the most unaccountable anomalies of the age in which we live. How long, O, Lord, how long will this deadly work go on?"

GEORGE W. CLARK.

"Many of our readers will recognize in this paper the face, and in imagination will hear again the voice of 'Our Old Liberty Singer,' George W. Clark, for so many years an inspiring feature of our annual meetings and conventions. He acquired this title before the war and during the anti-slavery agitation, because he was a popular singer and composer of liberty songs and was in great demand at anti-slavery meetings. After the death of slavery Bro. Clark enlisted in the prohibition and anti-secret conflicts. His natural gift of song made him a great favorite in meetings and conventions. He has

for many years resided in Detroit, Mich., and although feeble with age yet he still takes a keen interest in reform work, as can be seen by his communication on our ninth page."

"The last time we heard that inspiring reform singer, George W. Clark, was in the summer of 1888. He and Bro. Foote, for many years his comrade in reform work, but who has since gone to his rest, were attending the National Reform Convocation at Lake Side, Ohio. The management was somewhat shy of these veterans because of their radicalism on the anti-secret issue. But one day when that heroic leader, Mary E. Woodbridge, presided, she saw Bro. Clark in the audience and requested him to come to the platform and sing a song she had heard him sing several years before at a convention. She said the last line of that song, 'Lean out your souls and listen,' had often rung in her ears. Bro. Clark went forward and sung this song with thrilling effect. It is needless to add that from this time onward Bro. Clark's reform songs were the inspiration of the convocation."

Along in the early forties a humane man by the name of Johnathan Walker, a New England "sea coaster," while loading his vessel at Pensacola, Florida, had the help of some Negro slaves who thereby learned he was a friend of their race. After he had sailed from the port some of these slaves secured a boat, rode out and intercepted him asking for a ride. The kind-hearted and Christian "coaster" took them on board. They were soon missed by their masters, the "coaster" was at once suspected, and a United States Revenue Cutter was sent after him. He and the poor humans he had befriended were overtaken, returned, the good captain put into the "stocks," pelted with rotten eggs and every indignity heaped upon him, and finally had the letters "S. S." burnt into the living flesh of his right hand. They meant "Slave Stealer." This for obeying the common instincts of humanity. They then imposed a fine upon him and put him in prison with their vile felons, and confiscated his vessel. All this was done in so called "Free America," and for "remembering those in bonds as bound with them." These most barbarous outrages thoroughly aroused the North. Indignation meetings were held, and Judge Hoar, of Massachusetts, was appointed a commissioner to Florida to protest against these horrible outrages and demand the release of Capt. Walker. Massachusetts spoke the word and Capt. Walker was soon free. A grand reception and welcome was at once arranged for Capt. Walker in the largest hall in Providence, R. I. Whittier was requested to write the welcome poem, which he did, and it was sent to Bro. Clark to be baptized in music. Brother Clark's reply:

"Bro. Leavitt, Dear Sir,—The thrilling stanzas of 'The Branded Hand' have 'burned' their way into my inmost soul, where they are already stereotyped, and if a certain humble descendant of 'Orpheus' lives, that stirring song shall ring in the ears and burn in the hearts of yet many thousands, until 'salvation to the slave' is not only prophesied, but proclaimed throughout this broad land of ours.

"If I live I hope to be present in Providence on that grand occasion, and should I 'break silence,' may the shades of George Fox forgive me.

"Yours truly,

"GEO. W. CLARK."

Bro. Clark was there, and standing on the platform with his right hand upon the broad and generous brow of the old hero, and with 3,000 people crowding the seats and aisles and door-way before him, poured out the thrilling strains of that soul-stirring Quaker song of welcome to Johnathan Walker, as follows :

Welcome home again, brave seaman,
With thy thoughtful brow and gray,
And the old heroic spirit of our earlier, better day ;
With that brow of calm endurance,
On whose steady nerve, in vain,
Pressed the iron of the prison,
Smote the firey shafts of pain.

Why, that brand is highest honor,
Than its traces never yet
Upon old armorial hatchments,
Was a prouder blazon set ;
And thy unborn generations,
As they crowd our rocky strand,
Shall tell with pride the story,
Of their father's " Branded Hand."

In thy lone and long night watches,
Sky above and wave below,
Thou didst learn a higher lesson,
Than the babbling school men know ;
God's stars and silence taught thee,
As His Angls only can,
That the one sole sacred thing
Beneath the cope of heaven is man.

That he who treads profanely
On the scrolls of law and creed,
In the depths of God's great goodness
May find mercy in his need ;
But woe to him that crushes
The soul with chain and rod,
And herds with lower natures,
The awful form of God.

Then lift thy manly right hand,
Bold ploughman of the wave !
Its Branded Palm shall prophecy,
" Salvation to the slave ; "
Hold up its fire wrought language,
That who so reads may feel
His heart swell strong within him,
His sinews change to steel.

Hold it up before our sunshine,
Up against our Northern air ;
Ho ! all ye Northern freemen,
For the love of God, look there !
Take it henceforth as your standard,
Like Bruce's heart of yore ;
In the dark strife closing round ye,
Let that hand be seen before !

The wildest enthusiasm followed the spirited and powerful rendition of this song, which can never be forgotten by those who witnessed the scene.

Mr. Clark was then invited to accompany and present Capt. Walker in several of these States, which he did, and they were everywhere heartily and enthusiastically received, and generous sums of money were given for the old hero's relief and support.

NOTE.—I shall never forget a sight which came under my observation in Chicago, in 1872-3, upon the occasion of the "old abolitionists re-union." It was then stated that this noble old man, Johnathan Walker, was lying sick, dying and destitute in Muskegon, Mich. My father, who was present, and was called "the silver voiced abolitionist" by the Chicago Times, arose, related the above incident and sang "The Branded Hand." It had the effect not only to bring forth copious tears from those old war horses of ante bellum days, but to realize a handsome sum of money for the noble old man's relief and comfort in his last days.

CHAS. L. CLARK.

He finally settled at Muskegon, Mich., where he died and was buried in 1878, and where a beautiful monument was erected to his memory by his loving friend, Photius Fisk, Chaplain of the United States Navy.

This Walker monument is over ten feet high, and stands on a base sunk several feet in the ground. The material is Hallowell granite, from Maine, my native State. On one side is this inscription :

JOHNATHAN WALKER,
Born in Harwich, Massachusetts, March 22, 1799.
DIED AT LAKE HARBOR, MICHIGAN, APRIL 30TH, 1878.
Aged 78 Years.

Thousands of people from far and near attended this consecration, and listened intently to the able and eloquent address of the Hon. Parker Pillsbury, one of the old pioneer anti-slavery veterans, of Concord, New Hampshire, who was associated with Garrison, Wendell, Phillips, John Brown, and the brave abolitionists of fifty years ago. And this veteran hero, Mr. Pillsbury, is still living, or was, on the 23rd of November last, when I had a good letter from him written with his own hand in good cheer.

Among our notable reform workers in the Empire State, was Hon. Alvin Stewart, of Utica, a rescued drunkard, a man of very great intellectual powers, and who, after his conversion to temperance and Christianity, did our reforms immense service. His originality and his great argumentative powers were of a high order, and made him a very interesting and a very convincing speaker; and he had calls from all parts of the country. On a great State occasion Mr. Stewart and Mr. Clark were called to Boston. Their noble State Capitol was packed from bottom to top. Mr. Stewart was in his best mood, and his masterly address was listened to in breathless silence, except when broken by rapturous roars of applause. The crowd was so great that the only place the singer could stand was on the rich rose wood table in front of the speakers desk. A Boston gentleman spread his big silk bandanna handkerchief on that table for protection, and two men stood Mr. Clark on the table, and what an inspiring scene was that before him. Three tiers of galleries filled with the cultured people of Boston, and on the walls all around hung full life-sized portraits of the old heroic patriot fathers to which the singer pointed as he rendered Whittier's magnificent "Stanzas for the Times," as follows :

Is this the land our fathers loved ?
 The freedom which they toiled to win ?
 Is this the ground whereon they trod ?
 Are these the graves they slumber in ?
 Are we the sons by whom are borne
 The mantles which these dead have worn ?

And shall we crouch above these graves,
 With craven soul and fettered lip ?
 Yoke in with marked and branded slaves,
 And tremble at the driver's whip ?
 Bend to the earth our pliant knees,
 And speak but as our masters please ?

Shall outraged nature cease to feel ?
 Shall mercy's tears no longer flow ?
 Shall ruffians threats of cord and steel,
 The dungeons gloom, the assassin's blow,
 Turn back the spirits roused to save
 The truth, our country, and the slave ?

Of human skulls that shrine was made
 Round which the priests of Mexico
 Before their loathsome idols prayed !
 Is freedom's altar fashioned so ?
 And must we yield to freedom's God,
 As offering meet, the Negro's blood ?

Shall lips be mute when deeds are wrought
 Which well might shame extremest hell ?
 Shall freemen lock the indignant thought ?
 Shall mercy's bosom cease to swell ?
 Shall honor bleed, shall truth succumb ?
 Shall pen and press, and soul be dumb ?

No ! by each spot of hallowed ground,
 Where freedom weeps her children's fall ;
 By Plymouth's rock, by Bunker's mound,
 By Griswold's stained and shattered wall ;
 By Warren's ghost, by Langdon's shade,
 By all the memories of our dead !

By their enlarging souls which burst
 The bands and fetters round them set ;
 By the free spirit nursed within
 Our inmost bosoms yet ;
 By all around, above, below,
 Be ours the indignant answer No !

No ! guided by our country's laws,
 For truth and right, and suffering man ;
 Be ours to strive in freedom's cause
 As Christians may, as freemen can ;
 Still pouring on unwilling ears,
 That truth oppression only fears !

It would be exceedingly difficult to describe in fitting words the outburst of patriotic enthusiasm that fired that glorious meeting in the old State House on Capitol hill, of Boston, on that memorable occasion. The enthusiasm was unbounded !

When the famous Josiah Henson, the world renowned "Uncle Tom," of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin," escaped from slavery,

he was sent to Mr. Clark and he took him through New York State and some of the middle States, and through New England, and helped him raise means to go to Europe where he obtained several thousand dollars, with which, on his return to Canada, he purchased at Dawn several hundred acres of land, making homes for his large family which he left comfortably off thereby—his children, his grand-children and his great-grand-children. Father Henson, ("Uncle Tom"), was a good, true and noble man, genial and witty, always good company. It was with great satisfaction I used to serve him, often to dressing and undressing the poor slavery made cripple. Just before he died he sent for me to meet him at a first of August celebration, at Chatham, Ont. I went anticipating our last meeting on earth, but was disappointed. He was taken sick and died before I reached him. Peace to his precious ashes! His soul goes marching on!

Lewis George Clark, the George Harris, the white slave of Mrs. Stowe's story, whose wife, Eliza, it was said, escaped from slavery on the ice into Ohio, was also sent to me and I took him through New York, and the middle and several of the New England States, and we had a hearty reception by the people, and many grand meetings together. He became a very effective and interesting speaker, and delivered while in the anti-slavery lecture field, over five hundred addresses; and he was the only colored man in Kentucky whose body was ever "laid in State" after his death, which event took place in Lexington, in that State, December 20th, last, 1897. His body was taken to Oberlin and buried by the side of his wife.

His brother, Milton Clark, the "White Slave," as he was called, also came to me for piloteering through the country, and we traversed several of the States, holding large meetings together. He finally settled in Cambridge, Mass., and I think is still living there. Both these brothers, Lewis and Milton, visited me in this city. Another brother lived and died, and owned three good houses in this city, and his widow lives here still, Mrs. Cyrus Clark.

"THE BOSTON EMANCIPATOR" SAID:

"All those who attended the recent New England Convention, in Boston, will agree with us in saying that one of the most gratifying and effective exercises was the singing of Mr. George W. Clark, of New York. Among the many able and eloquent speeches delivered during its three day's sessions, there was not one that touched the deep chords of the soul like any one of the songs sung by Mr. Clark. Even pro-slavery bowed its head and wept for the first time in an anti-slavery meeting. Hearts were thrilled by this vocalist which never felt the woes of the slave before, and the indescribable expression which he gave to the sentiment made every song an irresistible argument, insinuating itself through the thickest mail of prejudice until they found a lodgment in the hearts of his hearers.

"Whittier's Liberty Poems, nearly all of which Mr. Clark has set to music, when spoken, seldom fail to make anti-slavery converts, but from the lips of Mr. Clark, charm all hearts to conviction.

"We urge upon our liberty friends to secure his invaluable services in Massachusetts. He has done wonders in New York, and would sing pro-

slavery out of the old Bay State in less than a twelve month. Mr. Clark is a man of sterling principle, and can talk as well as sing for humanity, and if we permit this opportunity to escape by letting Mr. Clark return to New York, we shall throw away one of the most effective instrumentalities for the advancement of the slaves liberation that Divine Providence has placed within our reach."

At Peterboro', N. Y., lived the rich and generous-hearted Gerrit Smith, who identified himself personally and perpetually while he lived, with the Temperance, Anti-slavery, Anti-secret Society, and Woman's Rights Reforms, and was, in fact, the friend and generous helper of every righteous and humane cause, giving promptly of his wealth hundreds and thousands of dollars. He told me his father lived and died a richer man than any man ought ever to live and die : that he meant to give his wealth, while he lived, where and when he thought it was most needed and would do the most good, and he made me think of the good old English couple who had this inscription written on their tomb stone :

"What we gave away, we have !
What we kept, we lost!"

Rich men, think of this good couple. Giving for suffering humanity is "Treasure laid up in Heaven." When I was living in Rochester, N. Y., I had a hip broken by a horse runaway, and was laid up for months. In this helpless condition Gerrit Smith visited me. After dinner, and he had departed, our folks found a bank cheque under his plate on the table. This was characteristic of the man. When Gen'l Wm. L. Chaplin, my work-fellow in reforms, was thrust into a filthy prison for aiding some slaves to freedom while he was reporter in Washington for his paper (*The Albany Patriot*), the slave-holders demanded \$18,000 bail, and we, poor abolitionists, had to raise this money or the devoted Chaplin would have shared the fate of Fairbank, 15 years in prison, or of poor Chas. J. Torry's, imprisonment to his death. Wm. R. Smith, the warm-hearted "friend," and Geo. W. Clark were appointed a commission to raise this money, in this country if possible, if not, the eloquent colored orator, Rev. Samuel R. Ward, was to be added, and we were to cross the ocean and appeal to the British philanthropists. Ex-Gov. Wm. H. Seward, then Senator in Washington, and acquainted with the Colonels, raised \$5,000. Hon. Gerrit Smith advanced \$2,000; Mr. Crittenden and others in New York city gave us \$3,000, and yet we lacked \$8,000, and our limit of time was now too short for a trip to England, and what were we to do? Our case indeed looked desperate, when the noble Gerrit Smith came again to our aid and advanced the needed \$8,000; and Col. Chaplin was again a free man, released from the clutches of the slave-holding pirates. But he never recovered from the effects of this inhuman outrage. But time and space would fail to enumerate all of Mr. Smith's kindness and generosity to the colored people, to widows and orphans, and to the heathens across the ocean, and across the prairies. The many in distress from the misery-breeding liquor traffic, and to many devoted workers in the cause of reform as have been helped, and their hearts gladdened and encouraged by the generosity of this big-hearted philanthropist.

I considered it an honor to be selected by Mr. Smith to be the publisher of his paper, "*The Hour and The Man*," in Albany, N.Y., in the 50's. Mr. Smith used to visit me often, and I had letters from him almost every day during the campaign. He was so affable, familiar and cordial, socially, that it was a great pleasure to have familiar social intercourse with him.

Mr. Edward C. Delavan, also was a very pleasant, social and companionable gentleman, and his visits to our office were also very agreeable. Mr. Smith and Mr. Delavan were my model men. I named my first-born son after Mr. Delavan, hoping the bearing of so noble a name might serve as an encouraging inspiration to true manliness.

We had in New York, also, not only such able and noble men as Hon. Alvin Stewart, of Utica, but such mighty men of God and his Gospel, as Rev. Geo. B. Cheever, of New York city, Rev. Wm. Goodel, editor of the noble "Principia" and other able and reform papers, and other mighty men, whose names deserve to be held in everlasting and loving remembrance for their earnest and powerful defence of radical but unpopular reforms, such as Rev. Dr. Talmage, Dr. Cuyler, Dr. Storrs, Dr. Henry Ward Beecher, Dr. Kirk, Dr. Nott, Dr. Leonard Whitney, and then we had our venerable friend, Asa P. Smith and his most amiable son, Wm. R. Smith; the jovial Samuel C. Cuyler; the facetious Wm. O. Duval; the staid Dr. Shelden; the ever-faithful Bro. Lawson, who was always found on duty at his post as State Secretary, in Utica, N. Y. Nor do I forget my very eloquent friend and able advocate of freedom and the rights of man, Hon. Henry B. Stanton, husband of the famous Woman's Rights advocate, with whom I was associated in reform work and with whom I visited the home of the venerable Statesman, John Quincy Adams, at Quincy, Mass.; and it is with the most pleasant and grateful recollections that I recall the warm and generous-hearted John Moser, banker of Canandaigua, N. Y., and his good wife and their cheerful hospitality; the generous-hearted, devoted and liberal Arthur and Lewis Tappan; Rev. David Plumb, a faithful servant of reform; Oliver Johnson, Hiram Pitts, Gideon and Cyrus Pitts, Elias Gilbert, Gen'l and Gov. Dix (my father's cousin by marriage), Joseph, Jared and Phoebe Hathaway. "Friends": the faithful and untiring T. L. Carson, of Syracuse; the firm and substantial Abram Pennel; the earnest Rev. R. H. Conklin; the indefatigable Abel Brown, who wore his life out in the cause while yet in his 40's. In Rochester, N. Y., my old home city, in these exciting years lived Isaac and Amy Post; they were Quakers, "friends" indeed, and their house was ever the home of the fleeing slaves, and I have seen from one to a dozen fugitive slaves sheltered and fed in their hospitable home at a time. And here was Susan B. Anthony, her sister Mary and good father, Daniel, and her uncle Asa Anthony and family, all blazing abolitionists. The active Samuel D. Porter; the whole-souled Capt. Williams, Rev. Henry Peck, George A. and Cortland Avery, and Gen'l Riley, who traveled and lectured successfully through several States and won many to the temperance cause. Whether his amiable son, George, wears his father's temperance mantle, I cannot say, but think he does.

In Mt. Morris, Livingstone Co., N. Y., we had with us the noble Col. Sleeper. In Perry, the earnest, reformed and devoted Josiah Andrus, saved

by the temperance reform, and became a useful man. These able and true men were firm and unflinching to the end. Their posterity may be justly proud of the record they left behind them.

In my good old native State of Maine, there are many names that well deserve to be enrolled high upon the scrolls of Posthumous fame, and to be most gratefully remembered by the people upon whose State and Nation their lives have reflected imperishable honor. Such men as the Hon. Neal Dow, who, just this last day of October, 1897, at the end of an active, honest, earnest and useful life of ninety-three years, has passed on to his reward. His early, consistent and persistent devotion to the righteous cause of temperance and prohibition, until he succeeded in changing the entire policy of the State from a wicked liquor license system to that of prohibition, and in the meantime accomplishing three successful temperance and prohibition missions to Europe, whose good influences were felt throughout the civilized world. Bro. Dow had hosts of friends and good helpers in the Women's Christian Temperance Unions, and such able and influential men as General Fessenden, father of Senator Fessenden, General Appleton, and hosts of the best people of the grand "Old Pine State." God bless their memories!

THE RUM SELLER'S PLAINT IN MAINE AFTER THE PASSAGE OF THE
PROHIBITORY LAW.

Not a friendly face, nor a cheering note,
Do I see or hear around me !
Each cold water soldier gives me a shot,
And tipplers delight to wound me !

The law lays its ruthless hands on my purse,
And oft do I find occasion to wish that my foes
Had no weapon worse than their silkey, "moral suasion !"

From the dawn of day to the dead of night
I could deal out death to my neighbor !
Nor feel one pang for the household blight
That was daily crowning my labor !

Not the widow's wail, nor the orphan's cry,
Not the murders, nor the riots, nor the revels,
Nor the ghosts of the lost, could induce me to fly
From the bar, or the cup of devils !

But the constable's paw, oh, I fluttered thereat,
Like the vulture pierced by the arrow !
Till at length my life is no other than that
Of the toad, half flayed by the harrow !

When the wrists and the fines come in like a flood,
'Tis time to tie up the mitten !
And save what I can of the price of blood,
Ere the biter shall be death bitten !

Alas ! and alack ! to an honest trade I must go,
And peddle my chattels, till these rebels
Shall cease to call law to their aid,
Or trust in the God of battles !

Now, adieu, ye town boards, who licensed me to kill !
 I say not your garments are gory,
 But I bid you adieu with a right good will,
 And I leave you alone in your glory !

Happy day for our country and the people, and the homes, the families, and the children who shall live in them when all the liquor and tobacco mongrels shall join with their class in Maine in singing the same song. And this fitting monument has been suggested as a suitable chorus :

Here lies Old Alcohol most bad,
 And when he died creation cried,
 We're glad ! we're glad ! we're glad !

THE REV. CHAS. C. FOOT SAYS:

" What other singer ever shook, as by an earthquake, such vast audiences with irrepressable and ever varying emotions like unto the sound of great waters ? And then the flashing of those piercing eyes, and a voice that never can be imitated or described he drove home to our deepest conviction, as with shafts of lightening and bolts of thunder the great truths that fired and blazed in his own soul ! Can the millions that saw and heard and felt ever forget those truths, sung with an eloquence never surpassed from pulpit or platform ? The one cardinal end and purpose of Bro. Clark's life has been TO CONVERT PEOPLE TO THE TRUTH ; and it is safe to say no other person has won so many to the reforms of the age as has he. So excelling all other methods in this respect has been Bro. Clark's peculiar singing method, that when reformers have labored in vain to win desirable persons, they have invoked his aid. The following case will illustrate many others : In Salem, near Boston, resided a lady of large wealth, high culture and great beauty, but who was bitterly opposed to the abolitionists, and had withheld all efforts for her conversion. Knowing her fondness and appreciation of music, Dr. Mann, of Salem, having heard Mr. Clark in Boston, and witnessed the effects of his singing in that city, invited him to Salem. A crowded church welcomed him and soon after the services commenced, the lady, whose appearance had been described to Mr. Clark, came in and walked majestically up the middle aisle and was at once recognized as she took her seat near the platform. After rendering a few pieces only to rivet her attention, he selected one of Charlotte Elizabeth's touching descriptions of the slave mother's woes, and, fastening his eyes on the lady, he poured out the full tide of his own burning passion into the song. Soon the expressive features revealed the kindling emotions the song had aroused. The sufferings of the slave mother came to her in a new light. The deep fountains of her soul were broken up ; the tears coursed down her cheeks like rain ; her head was bowed, her frame quivered ; her hostility was subdued ; and from that night she devoted her life to the liberation of the slaves.

" Many scores of such instances have occurred all along Bro. Clark's long and eventful life. It is often asked " what is the source or secret of this power ? " We cannot tell, only that it is a " Divine inspiration," given for a " great purpose," and if it has been irresistible in the hearers, it has been mighty also in the singer himself, as the following incident illustrates : In 1854, riding in his carriage twelve miles east of Rochester, N. Y., his horse

took fright and ran away, throwing him with such violence against a pile of stones as to both dislocate and break his hip bones, and wrench one leg at right angles from the other, and lacerating the nerves and muscles fearfully. Those who found him improvised a stretcher and bore him to a good Quaker's home (Gideon Ramsdell's, now in Egypt) near by. A doctor was at once summoned, who said the injury was so aggravated that it might prove fatal, but he would do his best to save his life. Then came the terrible torture of straightening out the limbs and adjusting the broken bones. The screams of the sufferer drove the women into the buttery at the back end of the big mansion, where they stopped their ears to shut out the sufferer's agonizing shrieks. So great was his agony, he told the doctor to stop and let him die, he could not endure the torture another minute. Then, soon another voice was heard ; it was the voice of song. Astonished at what they heard, the women hastened back to the sufferer, when, lo ! he who a little while before was shrieking with pain, was now pouring out a full volume of song. The words by which he had often encouraged the emancipationists and others now came as if by inspiration to his soul. In the next breath came the inspiring song of the poet, Tupper, as follows :

"NEVER GIVE UP."

It is wiser and better always to hope,
Than once to despair ;
Fling off the load of doubt's cankered fetter,
And break the dark spell of tyrannical care ;
Never give up, or the burden may sink you,
Providence kindly mingles the cup ;
And in all trials and troubles bethink you,
The watch word of life must be—
NEVER, NEVER, GIVE UP !

The song was completed ; the soul of the singer was baptised with a fresh baptism of strength and endurance, and, turning to the surgeon, he said : "now doctor, go ahead !" The surgeon resumed his work, but not another groan or sigh escaped the lips of the torn and lacerated sufferer. Who ever heard the like ? To this day these bones have never knit, or become one again ; but a cartilaginous formation makes a passable substitute for the broken hip bone and Bro. Clark gets about on cartilage and muscle very actively, and turns to good account what is left of him.

DR. J. C. JACKSON.

Then we had the ever-ready, fluent and cogent reasoner, Dr. James C. Jackson, founder of the far-famed "Water Cure Home on the Hillside," Dansville, N.Y. The doctor and Bro. Clark struck hands in the anti-slavery struggles at a great convention in Rochester, N. Y., in 1842, and were harmonious workers in that conflict thirty-two years, when, following his children, he migrated to Detroit, Mich. The doctor and Bro. Clark worked harmoniously together in many of the States. The doctor says, writing to a friend : "I have known Geo. W. Clark forty-six years intimately in all his relations in life. I may say I never had a more reliable friend than he has been to me, and I think he would say the same of myself in my relations to him. Yes, I heartily respond, and say the same of my dear James. He says, further on : "During the main period of the anti-slavery agitation, we were as yoke

fellows, and while we were engaged in the anti-slavery cause, we put everything entirely, as it were, behind us, and went in for emancipation of the enslaved with a faith that trusted God for our support and the support of our families, and both of us found that to rely on Jesus was to be able to say that 'our bread had not failed us.'" He adds: "Mr. Clark was the best ballad singer I ever heard. His voice was rich, of great compass, and very melodious. He could fill any house he chose, and could still to utter silence the largest, most uncomfortably situated and boisterous audiences. In fact his songs were more powerful and influential than the great majority of men who had won very great reputation for logic, eloquence and oratory. I have heard him make hundreds of speeches, and never heard him make one that was not good. I have heard him make a great many that were really very able, and never knew him on any occasion or in any single instance to say a foolish, unwise or indiscreet thing. If he entertained a view on any subject, when he sought to expound it he was as logical a reasoner, and kept as close to the subject matter which he started to discuss, as any extemporaneous speaker I ever knew. From the stand point from which he started to that which he wished to reach, he traveled as straight as a mathematician would in solving one of Euclid's problems."

"I never knew him to get out of temper in debates nor use a harsh expression towards any individual, no matter how much he disliked him, nor how wicked he deemed him to be. He never uses semi-profane phrases, nor slang of any sort, nor does he deal in objurgations. Mr. Clark is integrally upright, for in unnumbered instances where the slightest moral obtuseness or spiritual perversity on his part would have enabled him to carry his point against his opponent, his clear sightedness and his regard for truth rendered it impossible for him to equivocate, prevaricate, or evade the logic and absolute righteousness of the point involved."

In 1842, broken down from over work and the effects of malarial climate of Jackson, Mich., Mr. Clark turned over his "Temperance Herald" to Benjamin L. Mather, Esq., magistrate of Jackson, and returned with his family to New York, two of his children being near death at the time. A visit to Saratoga Springs, and a residence in Rochester, N.Y., soon restored Mr. Clark and family to fairly good health, and from that time on he devoted himself to reform work in the different Eastern States, in the meantime compiling and publishing seven different song books. Rev. Chas. C. Foot, congregational minister, who has traveled thousands of miles with Mr. Clark in reform work, writes:

"There is no one on this continent to whom, of right and merit, belongs the appellation of "National Reform Singer," as to Geo. W. Clark. He has covered the land from East to West, from North to South; not only with his reform song books, setting many thousands to singing for temperance and freedom, but with the web of his reform travels as thick well nigh as the web of the weaver's beam, now by water and by rail, now in carriage, now in saddle, on runners and on foot, ploughing the night long through the snow and drifts, now on the upland and hills, now wallowing through the mud of the valleys, by day and in dark and stormy nights, drenched to the skin with rain, turning betimes under a wayside shed to rest his weary horse and catch

a respite from the pelting storm, or enjoy a brief nap while the water was dripping from his saturated garments. Thus has he traveled for thousands of miles, now with Gerrit Smith, then with the martyr, Torrey, then with Rev. H. H. Garnett, then with Samuel R. Ward, Frederick Douglass, Alvin Stewart, Owen Lovejoy, Col. Chaplin, James C. Jackson, C. C. Foote, Johnathan Walker, of the 'Branded Hand,' and many other reform workers."

After hearing Mr. Clark's rendition of Whittier's "Stanzas for the Times," and other poems, at the State House in Boston, the Hon. Mrs. Jas. G. Carter, of Lancaster, Mass., wrote the following beautiful poetic tribute :

TO GEORGE WASHINGTON CLARK, THE VOCALIST, BY THE HON. MRS.

JAMES G. CARTER, OF MASSACHUSETTS,

I may not hear thy voice again
This side cold Jordan's flood ;
Yet I shall ne'er forget the strain—
The place—where thou hast stood,

The light of truth flashed from thine eye
And warmed thy ardent heart,
While on thy brow the " seal " on high
Has stamped that " better part."

Toil on—toil on, devoted friend—
Our hearts bid thee God-speed ;
In thee and thine may blessings blend
Till thy own soul is freed.

Freed from the ills, the pains, the care
That vex the " house of clay,"
And thine the rest—the ransomed share
Where all is cloudless day.

And when the glorious work is done,
To which thy life is given—
Take thy reward—the victory won,
And join the choir in Heaven.

Mrs. Carter was a sister of Mrs. Trask, wife of Rev. George Trask, the able and devoted anti-tobacco reformer, congregational minister of Fitchburg, Mass. How we need more such ministers to speak out on the tobacco vice, that is defiling and destroying so many of our boys and young men, and infinitely worse than wasting millions of money every year that might do vast good.

Hon. James G. Carter, of Lancaster, was an active and influential member of the Massachusetts Legislature. He attended the great North Western Liberty Convention in Chicago, in 1864, and was called to preside over that august body of 5,000 noble men and woman, under the great Oberlin tent, which he did with great acceptance. The great tent being kindly loaned us for the occasion, and a grand and enthusiastic gathering we had for freedom, lasting three days and nights.

It was my good fortune at another time, in mid winter, to have an invitation and an engagement to lecture and sing at Lancaster, this beautiful home of the Carters. A large audience had assembled, and we were in the midst of the evening services when one of those furious eastern blizzards set

in upon us, and continued for three days and nights. A terrible time the people had to get to their homes; every street was completely blockaded. Every able bodied man and every team and shovel were in requisition for several days to clear the snow-bound ways. But I found myself in one of the most cultivated, refined, intelligent and lovely of earthly homes, where, with a "feast of reason and a flow of soul," and the fine "arts and sciences," and the soothing and charming strains of music we made and treasured up for the future the most delightful memories. But this beautiful family, with their lovely and most amiable daughter, have long since gone to "join the choir in Heaven."

If I were to give the names and personale of all the wives, mothers, sisters, and daughters of the families I have met, or enumerate in this genealogy in a book by itself, separate, it would present a volume of which any family of any country or nationality might be justly proud, but it would swell this volume to a plethoric size, entirely beyond my time and ability or means to publish,

A writer in a Chicago paper, says:

"Bro. Clark's contributions to various newspapers and magazines would fill volumes. They cover a wide range of subjects, including human rights, the liquor and tobacco crimes, the unchristian, unrepiblican and dangerous character of secret oath-bound societies. These and kindred subjects he has discussed with his pen of fire. He seems by times to struggle for words to express his burning indignation over the moral madness that has seized, perverted and depraved the public press and the public mind on these vital questions. If he could, he would summon the flaming lightnings dipped in blood to aid in arousing the nation to an apprehension of its crimes, its dangers, and its impending destruction. Yet he is always hopeful and cheerful. He has gone through the great moral conflict with slavery, and lived to see the nation come out victorious, and is as sure that the insolent, sensual, selfish and domineering liquor power with all its dark and damning deeds of destruction and death will be overthrown. So he sings:

Come what there may
To stand in the way,
That day the world shall see—
When the might with the right
And the truth shall be!

It may be said of Bro. Clark, in closing, what the Apostle said of himself: "I have fought a good fight, I have kept the faith." Mr. Clark lives very simply, sanctifying his body unto the Lord, using no intoxicating drinks or narcotics, such as tea or coffee, or poison—loathsome tobacco. To this he attributes his longevity and activity, now in his eighty-sixth year. And to this abstinence and hygienic life he urges all young people, naively telling them he can yet

Work like a beaver—
Eat like a shark!
Sleep like a baby—
And rise like a lark!

When laid off and helpless from his broken hip, Bro. Clark was visited by many good friends, receiving their hearty sympathy and good cheer; such noble men as President Green, of Whitesborough College, Hon. Gerrit Smith, Frederick Douglas, and many others. Mr. Douglas wrote the following article in his paper, "The North Star": "George Washington Clark is known all over the country among the abolition and the temperance people as one of the most faithful, unflinching and self-sacrificing reform workers anywhere to be found in our ranks. In every good cause he has for years poured out his life like water. In all seasons, in all weather, in sickness and in health he has, in the past twenty years traveled, and with speech and with song, on the platform and at the fireside, sought to win the drunkard from the grave and the slave from his chains. Bro. Clark is now in a condition which makes the sympathy of friends precious."

At the same time came a good hearty "God bless you," from Rev. Father Trask, of Fitchburg, Mass., so earnestly engaged against the tobacco vice, and with whom Bro. Clark has had many good meetings, and in whose pleasant home he has sung to his cultured and interesting family. Mrs. Trask and Hon. Mrs. James G. Carter, of Lancaster, Mass., that sweet poetess, were sisters, both noble women.

"Horace Greely,"—We had that unique, eccentric and droll man in New York State, though born in Amherst, N. H., in 1811, one year before me. A man who achieved great success and great failure. He resolved when a boy never to use intoxicating drink, and espoused and earnestly advocated the temperance cause when young. He was the founder and able editor of "The New York Tribune," which he established in 1841, and in which he most earnestly urged total abstinence from all intoxicating drinks, and the entire prohibition of the liquor traffic. He was for "cutting off the dog's tail close up to his ears," and vigorously opposed all licensing or limiting schemes. His paper was a great moral and political force throughout this country and Europe, and was educating the people upward and onward in the right direction, on the great and vital questions of the times; and had he steadfastly continued to maintain that high moral position, instead of yielding to the deceptive buzzings of that political presidential "bee" that had got into "his bonnet," and unwisely, as he did, accepted a nomination to the Presidency from the Democratic Party, a party that he had persistently fought all his life, he might have been living and doing great good for humanity to-day, and only in his eighty-sixth year. Alas, for frail human nature.

I was returning from a trip West on one occasion, when our train stopped for dinner at Hamilton, Canada. Coming out from our tables who should I meet but Mr. Greely—shaking hands as we entered the car. Passing down the aisle to our seats I came upon an old acquaintance, Mr. Shade, a rich merchant, of Galt, to whom I introduced Mr. Greely. Mr. Shade looked surprised, as well he might, but they at once got to talking about that great Great Western Railway, and I saw that Greely knew more about it than Mr. Shade did, telling him where it should have run, etc., etc. We finally took our seats, and finding we were near Niagara Falls I went to bid Mr. Shade good-bye, when he most earnestly asked me: "Who did you say that man was?" I

replied, "Mr. Horace Greely of the New York Tribune." Greely! the devil, said Mr. Shade ; "why that man knows everything." I never saw Mr. Greely look so unsightly as he did that day. He was on his return from that South and South Western and Northern tour he had promised so long, and he had on that same old drab coat and slouch hat he had worn for years, and he looked as though he had not had a change of linen since the year one. Mr. Shade, on the other hand, the rich merchant of Galt, was a tall, prim, clean, well-dressed and genteel man ; always looking as though he had just emerged from a new band box. Mr. Greely's lively mentality and his extensive information, however, well compensated for the old seared drab coat and slouch hat. He recognized the sentiment that burns so happily poetized, when he wrote that memorable song :

"A Man's a Man for a' That—and a' That!"

That was one of the first songs I rendered at the commencement of the anti-slavery struggle in this country. To this, Henry Ward Beecher added a clever adjunct : "Tho' dress did not make the man, the man looked a little better dressed up !"

Rev. C. C. Foote, who was for several years a fellow worker with Mr. Clark in the temperance and anti-slavery reforms writes in "The Christian Cynosure" of Chicago: "God was preparing a new thing under the sun as a motive force to arouse the deadened sensibilities of this nation. A young man who had felt the 'iron in his own soul,' and whose early wrongs and sufferings for a period of his life were equal to the bond slave. He was left a poor, fatherless boy, at ten years of age, and 'bound out' to learn his father's trade, a 'builder and millwright,' but his 'boss' proved to be a drunkard, and the poor boy was for years subject to the gross abuses of a drunken tyrant ; knocked down, jumped onto with his feet and knees, the breath almost pounded out of his body. At other times, whipped with his heavy ox whip, until he wore ridges up and down his arms and legs as large as your little finger ; his shirt sticking fast to his skin in the blood that oozed from his young, tender and lacerated body. Neighbors who used to hear the boy's screams finally prosecuted the brutal creature, and he was fined. The boy was released and finally made his way back to Rochester, N. Y., where he soon heard the first temperance address that ever greeted his ears, from the famous Theodore D. Weld. It opened a new era of life and hope to the poor boy. He followed his first convictions, signed the temperance pledge and became an enthusiastic advocate of the cause. He not only gave up all intoxicating drinks, but tea, coffee, and loathsome poison, disgusting tobacco. And to this day uses neither, and to this he attributes his health, his longevity and activity, as well as his flexibility and power of voice, for at eighty-five years of age, his singing is the wonder and admiration of all who hear him.

"During the great revivals in Rochester, N. Y., under the labors of Rev. Charles G. Finney, in 1830, George W. became the subject of saving grace, and entered soon after on studies for the ministry; but so deeply was he impressed with the frightful evils of the liquor traffic and the need of labors for its overthrow, that he consecrated his life to that mission, and has sown the good seed in that reform through twenty-four of these States and Canada,

and has lived to see the fruit of his labors in thousands converted to the cause, many drunkards reclaimed and many homes made happy thereby.

"Bro. Clark has a profound veneration for his father in the temperance reform, the famous Theodore D. Weld, that Demosthanes of America, whose logical and demonstrative powers before an audience was never excelled if ever equaled in this country. And Rev. Charles G. Finney, his father in the Gospel, whose ability, versatility and success in the Gospel ministry in winning souls to God, had no peer in the United States, and it is doubtful if he had in Europe, where he was also called to preach and where wonderful results followed his labors.

"As Bro. Clark says in another place, he followed his first convictions on hearing Theodore D. Weld, and signed the first temperance pledge he had a chance to, and went directly into the temperance work in the Eastern States and Canada, and in 1839, to Michigan, where he established the first temperance paper in that State, at Ann Arbor, in 1838.

"Bro. Clark writes in another place: 'I was fond of music from a child. My parents were both good singers, and electrified many audiences with their sweet songs and hymns. So music was born in me, and I saw in my childhood the power and influence of song in social circles where I was often called upon to sing, and I resolved to try this influence with my lectures and so selected and set music to the best temperance poems I could find, and sang them in my temperance meetings. The effect was beyond my most sanguine expectations. Hundreds of drunkards came with their wives and children to hear, and were converted. Some of them becoming effective workers in the cause, thus helping to save many others. This was before the days of Pollard and Wright, and before the days of Washingtonianism, and these men hailed at first and with joy and struck hands with the Washingtonians in their grand movement against rum and its destructive cohorts.'

ELIHU BURRIT, THE LEARNED BLACKSMITH.

In Connecticut we had such eminent characters enlisted in our cause as Elihu Burrit, the learned blacksmith; the vigorous and persistent S. M. Booth; the talented Wm. H. Burleigh, poet and editor of the "Charter Oak"; Charles C. Burleigh, his brother, an eloquent lecturer, and another brother, Lucien Burleigh, Baptist minister. I knew also, and have been at the home of their venerable father and mother. Here in this State also lived the vivacious, witty and able Dr. Charles Jewet, with whom I have had many good meetings; the Hon. Francis Jillett, and the devoted and faithful Johnson sisters and their good and true brother.

ORLANDO JOHNSON, OF LEBANON, CT.

I must add here a few names of our able, eloquent and hearty supporters in the "Old Bay State." Such eminent names as the Hon. Chas. Sumner, Hon. Wendell Phillips, Hon. Senator Wilson, Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Henry C. Wright, Charles Lenox Remond, the eloquent colored orator; Steven and Abbey Kelley Foster, Mariah W. Chapman, Hannah F. Gould, that sweet poetess, who so pertly touched off several of the young and supercilious political spriggs of her day by writing their epitaphs. Of school-master Henry C. Wright, she wrote:

"Here lies master Wright!
When he bid us good night—
The glory of Andover fainted!
He has said his last rule;
Whipped his last rogue at school,
And now has gone up to be sainted."

Of the froward Hon. Caleb Cushing, she wrote :

"He crowded his way
Through life, as they say;
And now he is dead,
Perhaps he'll be pushing!"

Of another she wrote :

"The Spring of the year was the season he took to pop off in!
Tread light o'er his bed, for a mellower head never filled up one end of a coffin!"

I must not fail to mention here those bold, out-spoken, fearless men who so nobly served the cause of radical reforms and were ever true and faithful : Rev. John Pierpont, preacher and poet, and Rev. Nathaniel Colver, the pastor for several years of the Tremont Temple Baptist Church in Boston, and afterwards elected president of the Baptist University, of Chicago, where he died. He was an earnest remonstrant against all wrong, and a faithful and persistent advocate of all righteousness; an out-spoken prohibitionist, an anti-secret society and woman's rights advocate. I have given an anecdote of Colver and friend Whittier on another page, given to me by Bro. Colver himself at his home in Boston.

Rev. John Pierpont attended our great South-western Liberty Convention at Cincinnati, in 1845, where, with James G. Birney, Lovejoy, Codding, Sec'y Chase, John G. Fee and others, he made a great and telling speech. The reporter says : "Mr. Pierpont arose after the singing of a beautiful song of Whittier's by Mr. Clark, and remarked that the song was better than a long speech. The lines of Whittier must have gone to the hearts of all who listened. After an effecting allusion to Whittier and the cause of his absence (the sickness of a beloved sister), he said while such words thrill throughout our land, the abolition of slavery is not hopeless. There is a power in such music not to be resisted, a power which can loosen chains ; it rolls from our Northern hills and resounds among your Ohio knobs, and its echos will be heard in Kentucky, until slavery shall be known as a matter of history, not of fact." This prediction is verified and chattel slavery is gone.

The following telling lines and the responsibility for the exercise of the ballot they imply, were written by Mr. Pierpont :

We have a weapon firmer set,
And better than the bayonet ;
A weapon that comes down as still
As snow flakes fall upon the sod ;
Yet, executes a freeman's will,
As lightning does the will of God.

ANECDOTE OF WHITTIER AND COLLIER.

I am requested to relate here the following anecdote of the late John Greenleaf Whittier, the Quaker poet of New England, and Rev. Nathaniel

Colver, the famous Baptist preacher, for many years pastor of Tremont Temple Baptist Church, in Boston, and later on, President of the Baptist University, of Chicago, Ill., where he died. I knew and have sung in the homes of both these noble men. Once on a time our Baptist Preacher went to Amesbury, the home of Whittier, to attend an abolition convention, which held until late Saturday evening. Bro. Colver lingered at the door, hat in hand, to hear the last word of the speaker, when he rushed out for the depot—just in time to be too late! The last train had gone. He trudged back, telling Whittier his predicament, for he had made no provision for his pulpit at home. "The Lord will provide," said Whittier; "come home and spend the Sabbath with me." The next morning the question naturally came up where they would attend church. Whittier kindly offering to go with Colver to his, the Baptist Church, Colver as kindly responded: "No! I will go with thee to the Friends meeting." "Who preaches at your Friends meeting today?" enquired the Baptist. "We don't know!" answered the Quaker. "That depends on whom the Spirit moves." "Suppose the Spirit should move me, said Bro. Colver, and I should get up and preach to your people?" "They might serve thee as they did Beech!" said Whittier. This Mr. Beech was an earnest abolitionist and would go into religious meetings, and when no body else was speaking, would exhort the people to "remember those in bonds as bound with them." For these faithful and humane exhortations he was put in prison, in glorious New England, as they stoned Steven, imprisoned Paul, and crucified Jesus in Jerusalem.

When our Poet and Preacher returned to their room, the Preacher was asked how he liked the Quaker meeting and got this laconic reply from Bro. Colver:

"Well, John, since thou a Quaker art,
I'll tell thee all my heart;
Quite neat, but plain thy place I found,
And solemn stillness reigned around;
I took a seat and down I sat,
And gazed upon a Quaker hat;
The crown was low, the brim was flat,
I thought him thinking on his God;
When, lo! the hat began to nod,
Then how I longed to use my speech;
I should, but then, I thought of Beech!
I longed his drowsy powers to waken,
But thought it best to save my bacon;
And would you think me such a chap?
I gave it up, and took a nap!"

Yours truly,

New York, Oct. 24, 1845.

GEO. W. CLARK.

IN ILLINOIS.

In Illinois we had a host of talented and brave men and women, that any country might be proud of. Heroes who had moral principles and dared live and die by them. Such as the martyr, Elijah P. Lovejoy, who was shot down while defending his right to a free press and free speech, and his press was thrown into the river at Alton, by a blood thirsty pro-slavery mob. But our cause had

his powerful and eloquent brother, Rev. Owen Lovejoy, left. With him I traversed that State and Wisconsin as he eloquently iterated and reiterated in burning words to crowded houses, the malignant and bloody tragedy to the people. The Lord "made the wrath of man to praise him"; and this noble brother was elected to congress by the people of that State, where violent threats and clinched fists shaken in his face by the slave-holders did not deter him from uttering the burning words of "truth and soberness," and giving the piratical slave-holders and their abettors most terrible excoriations. He effectually bearded the lions in their dens.

Then we had the Hon. Z. Eastman, the able editor of the "Chicago Citizen," who was afterwards sent by the United States Government on a foreign mission. And also the fearless Dr. Dyer, who, hearing that a slave hunter from the South had seized a fugitive slave and had him locked up in his room, went to the hotel and demanded the release of the captive, and on being refused stove in the door with his cane, knocked the pistol from the hand of the man stealer, released the poor victim and sent him on his way to Canada rejoicing. The doctor showed me at his home, the splendid gold-headed cane which the good citizens of Chicago had awarded him for this brave and noble act. He prized it highly, as well he might.

Another case in Illinois creating great excitement in Chicago, was: a two-legged blood hound from St. Louis, Mo., made his appearance in this city, and, getting a "servile constable," seized two colored persons who were peaceably walking the streets, and claimed them as his slaves. A number of friends soon gathered around and insisted that the so called fugitives "should have a trial." To this the slave catcher had to submit. While preparations for a trial were going on, and the pro-slavery lawyers were rummaging their musty books to find some legal authority for sending a human being into slavery, 2,000 people had assembled around the office, and though the excitement was intense, there was no disorder. The sympathy of the people as seen in every expression and motion grew stronger and stronger. In the meantime, while the hunter of man ("Gallagher," that was his name) was watching the door. Some person from without lifted the latch and stepped in. In a moment the slaves slipped out, and as they reached the foot of the stairs they were taken up by the enthusiastic multitudes and borne off in triumph over the heads of the great mass of people, mid shouts of joy and gladness.

I have a letter from my good friend Jas. H. Collins, Esq., a lawyer who stood at the head of the bar in Chicago, saying: "Dear George,—We are having glorious times here. A mass meeting was called by the mayor, at the request of the common council, and a great meeting it was. We abolitionists went there, 300 good and strong, and carried everything before us; condemned slavery in the strongest terms, mobs and slave hunting. The sympathies of the meeting were with us. Everything we liked was voted up, and everything we disliked was voted down. We had a host of ladies, and many could not get in for the great crowd. I sang for the first time "A man's a man for a' that," with tremendous applause, as the theatricals say; but I am glad you did not hear me. We keep having new faces at our meetings, and the cause

never looked so encouraging. Our liberty choir sing admirably and our speakers have more animation than ever. I am in high heart, strong and full of courage, like a lion. Cold water applied internally and externally has reformed me and renewed my constitution, and I feel like a "flock of young black birds." God has given the friends of freedom here a glorious victory. I wish you could of been here, it would have done your soul good. We have sent off from this city, thirteen "chattels" to be made into men, in fourteen days; and hundreds more are on the way, as the girls now sing it in our liberty choir. We have a fair prospect of plenty of business on our 'underground railway' for the winter."

Yours truly,

Chicago, Nov. 7, 1876.

JAMES H. COLLINS.

And then we had many other earnest and reliable workers in every good cause in Illinois. The brilliant and eloquent Ichabod Codding, with magnetic and most masterful power before an audience, especially on the slavery and temperance questions, and he used his talents with grand effect. Then we had Seth Paine, a staid, staunch and tried reformer, who gave strong and faithful support to the temperance and slavery reforms; a generous and noble-hearted man. And many good times have radical reformers had at his most hospitable home, on the shore of that beautiful Lake Zurich, in Cook Co. And Allan Pinkerton, the noble father of the famous Pinkerton Detectives, was a most earnest sympathizer and worker in our cause. And the Blanchard's, father and son, Rev. Johnathan and Charles, Presidents of Wheaton College, men of rare abilities and rare devotion to Christian reforms, especially anti-slavery, temperance and anti-secret oath-bound societies, to which they consecrated much time, and their able paper, "The Christian Cynosure." They had the most devoted coadjutors in Mr. Azra Cook, J. P. Stoddard, Wm. B. Stoddard and W. I. Phillips, and many others deserving most worthy mention here.

It should be noticed here that when the good and humane people of England read of the success of our temperance societies in this country they were inspired with hope, and at once started societies on the same principle, the old pledge, but soon found that abstinence from ardent or distilled spirits only among a beer guzzling people would not reform them, so they were led to adopt the pledge of entire abstinence from all intoxicating drinks. Immediate and wonderful success was the result. Societies were soon formed in many of the large towns, Birmingham, Manchester, Bath, Bridgeport, and other places. Three hundred out of a population of 5,000, in Cornwall, signed the total abstinence pledge; 1,300, in Manchester; 3,500, in Bristol; 6,000, in Cumberland; 10,000, in London. In some towns and villages every drunkard had been reclaimed. A gentleman in a private letter from England, says: "Among our faithful and constant members are more than 10,000 reformed drunkards," men who were the "terror and dread of their families, and a pest to society, are now sober, Christian men, seeking for the assurance of a life that is to come." The writer of this letter had heard within a short time one hundred addresses from reformed drunkards.

The good cause soon spread to Wales, where in North Wales it was said one-fourth of the population had signed the pledge, and many hopeful refor-

mations of drunkards were reported. In Anglessa, with a popu'ation of 40,000 souls, 24,730 had signed the pledge, and 1,000 had been reformed. In "Edinboro' Town," Scotland, 19,000 had taken the pledge ; in Glasgow, 30,000. The whole number, and many of the best classes in that country amounted to near 100,000. The reflex influence of the "Father Mathews" movement in Ireland gave a new impulse to the cause, both in Europe and America. This sensible and greatly needed temperance reform movement extended also to other lands, Sicilly and Zetland Islands, to Sweeden, Denmark, Russia, Syria, New South Wales ; even to Africa, Australia, Polynasia, Hudson Bay, Astoria, the British possessions East, and many places in foreign countries, and in the Sandwich Islands, notwithstanding the many and aggravating difficulties opposed to these efforts by the French. The British and foreign temperance society, which was formed about 1827, which has accomplished a great work, in the early 40's had some 250 auxiliaries, some 275,000 members, and nearly 393,000 of these were reformed drunkards. Some 800 of these reclaimed persons had been brought into Christian Churches, thus raised from deep degradation and restored to their families and friends and brought into the fold of Christ and the hopes of the Gospel, by the Temperance Reform.

AN INCIDENT.

While the cause was thus progressing through the world, a good temperance work broke out in a place called "Bamber Bridge," in England, where there was much dissipation and its attendant squaledness and misery. Many drunkards were reclaimed, and at a great meeting they were relating their experiences, and the wretchedness of their families. Their wives, who were present, would cry out : "that's so!" "that's a fact!" "that's true, John!" etc. One man who had taken the total pledge and was reformed, and who had an impediment in his speech, was a "stutterer," and was trying to express his joy, finally broke out in an effort to say: "He thanked God that ever the te-te-tee-total came to Bamber Bridge," amid the shouts of the audience. And this was the origin, the how and the when of the term "tetotal," and how it came to be applied to those who abstain from all intoxicating drinks. From that time to this the broad, comprehensive pledge people are called "tetotalers."

The first of Whittier's anti-slavery poems set to music by Mr. Clark, was that pathetic, plaint, "The Slave Mother's Lament for her Stolen Daughters," "Sold and Gone to the Rice Swamps, Dank and Lone," "From Virginia's Hills and Waters," "Woe is me! My Stolen Daughters," also Mrs. Bailey's "Poor Little Blind Slave Boy." Speaking of the effect of this song upon the audiences, many observed you could have heard a pin drop in those great crowds, and see the tears fall from their cheeks like rain.

Mr. Clark next composed and set music to Whittier's "Yankee Girl," which he sang with great effect, and which became very popular. His next was that grand production of Whittier's, "Stanzas for the Times." This he was invited to sing at a great State Convention, in Boston. The State House was packed from bottom to top, and there was no place for the singer to stand but on a rich rose wood table in front of the speakers desk. A Boston gentleman standing by, improvised a spread with his big silk bandanna handkerchief

with which he covered the table for its protection, and two men stood Bro. Clark upon the table, from which he poured out his soul in that thrilling song of Whittier's, viz. :

Is this the land our fathers loved ?
 The freedom which they toiled to win ?
 Is this the ground whereon they trod ?
 Are these the graves they slumber in ?
 Are we the sons by whom are borne
 The mantles which these dead have worn ?

And shall we crouch above these graves,
 With craven soul and fettered lip ?
 Yoke in with marked and branded slaves,
 And tremble at the driver's whip ?
 Bend to the earth our pliant knees,
 And speak but as our masters please ?

Pointing as he sang to the portraits of the old patriot heros as they hung all around upon the walls. The effect was electrical, and can be better imagined than described, the vast audience bursting out in rapturous applause at the end of every verse.

At another time Mr. Clark was invited to Boston to attend a great convention to remonstrate against the annexation of Texas to the Union, as a Slave State. He arrived a few days before the convention, and, while in the office of Rev. Joshua Leavitt, the editor of "The Emancipator," the poem written by Whittier for the occasion was received by Mr. Leavitt, with this note from Whittier : "Tell friend Clark this is 'Quaker Measure,' and can't be set to music." Mr. Clark replied : "Tell friend Whittier, poetry and music are twin sisters, and what God has joined together let no man put asunder."

This rousing appeal against the insolent demands and aggressions of the slave power was set to music by Mr. Clark the next day, and sung by him in the great convention with tremendous effect. Mr. Whittier himself, who was present, Quaker though he was, said : "he had no idea when he wrote the poem of the power that could be put into it by music."

A few stanzas will give the reader some idea of the stern old pilgrim hate of oppression, and the patriotic glow of liberty that fired the spirits of both the poet and the singer, and that roused the souls of the Northern people to action and to thwart the diabolical schemes of the Southern Slave holders. Their deep design was to add the immense territory of Texas to the Union, cut it up into five Slave States and thus secure to the slave oligarchy complete and perpetual control and dominion of the United States Government and its administration. The great Tremont Temple, of Boston, was crowded on the occasion, when Mr. Clark's voice rang out the thrilling lines, viz. :

"Up the hill side, down the glen,
 Rouse the sleeping citizen ;
 Summon out the might of men,
 Like a lion growling low ;
 Like a night storm rising slow,
 Like the tread of unseen foe.

It is coming ! It is nigh !
 Stand your homes and altars by,
 On your own free thresholds die !
 Clang the bells in all your spires ;
 On the grey hills of your sires,
 Fling to Heaven your signal fires.

Who so shrinks or falters now,
 Who so to the yoke would bow,
 Brand the craven on his brow ;
 Freedom soil hath only place,
 For a free and fearless race :
 None for traitors, false and base.

Take your land of sun and bloom,
 Only leave to freedom room,
 For her plough, her forge, her loom :
 Take your slavery blackened vales,
 Leave us but our own free gales,
 Blowing on our thousand sails.

We but ask our rocky strand,
 Freedom's true and brother band,
 Freedom's strong and honest hand ;
 Valleys by the slave untrod,
 And the pilgrim's mountain sod,
 Blessed of our Father's God."

The most enthusiastic applause followed the rendering of this song, and the spirit aroused throughout the North by these timely and intense appeals resulted in the complete discomforture and defeat of the inhuman machinations of the slave power, and may the dark scourge never again be allowed to blight and curse our beloved land.

The Quaker Poet, Whittier, in whose home at Amesbury, Mass., Mr. Clark has sung to his aged mother and maiden sister (who were then living). The Poet himself having heard Mr. Clark at many Eastern Conventions which he had attended, said : " He had no idea when he wrote those anti-slavery poems they could ever be made to produce such an effect as Mr. Clark had given them by rendering them in song. And, note the following :

" The musical talents of friend George Washington Clark, of New York, never fail of producing a powerful impression." — J. G. WHITTIER.

Said a Northampton Paper :

" Mr. Clark is a celebrated composer and solo singer. His style of performance is peculiarly animated and elevated. His favorite songs and musical compositions are of the purest and noblest character, replete with the soul of harmony and the spirit of freedom."

Said a Salem Paper :

" We have recently heard Mr. Clark sing in Boston, before an audience of three thousand persons, with astonishing effect. He exhibits the true eloquence of music."

Said The Ann Arbor News :

" We cannot speak in too high terms of Mr. Clark, both as a vocal and instrumental performer. His very gentlemanly demeanor, his kind affection-

ate manner, and withal, his fine musical talents, won for him many friends among us. He is thoroughly anti-slavery as well as a strong advocate of the temperance cause."

Said "The Boston Chronicle":

"There was a great gathering at the Town Hall, in Charlestown, last Friday evening, to listen to Mr. Clark's singing. Notwithstanding the extremely unpleasant weather, the large hall was full. Mr. Clark sung ten or twelve of his favorite pieces, with his usual pathos and power. The auditory testified their gratification by a hushed silence, occasionally broken by rapturous roars of applause. The whole affair went off admirably, producing a happy impression on all listeners."

"Mr. Clark's style is peculiarly his own, and is in its order more of the recitative, or as one writer has described it, 'a combination of Poetry, Music and Painting.' By a clear and distinct enunciation, every word and sentiment of the Poet, and the whole scene described in the song is forcibly impressed upon his audience."

Said Rev. W. Cormack, of "The Rochester Democrat," N. Y.:

"Mr. Clark's vocal powers are peculiarly his own. He is the servile imitator of no popular favorite. His manner combines the thrilling power of pathos and melody in a manner entirely new. Not only are you charmed with the extent and compass of voice, modulated according to the strictest rules of musical science, but you are captivated and carried away with the peculiar and eloquent manner by which he enforces the sentiment of the piece he sings upon the hearts of his audience."

Said "The American Freeman," Wisconsin:

"G. W. Clark.—The finest sentiment of the finest poetry is rendered doubly impressive by his power. We never before realized to so full an extent, the poetry of music, or the music of poetry—how much poetic sentiment in the development of its beauty and power is dependent upon the voice of music, nor how much music in its influence on the heart is dependent upon appropriate poetic sentiment. Burns' noble song, 'A Man's a Man for a' That,' and many of Pierpont and Whittier's equally noble stanzas, sung by Mr. Clark, have increased attractions for us now—fresh beauties have developed and fastened on the mind—new aspirations and impulses spring up, and the heart and hand are strengthened for deeds of moral daring in the cause of liberty and humanity."

Said "The Cincinnati Times":

"As Mr. Clark is already so favorably known in this city, he will certainly be greeted by an overflowing audience. He has, in the course of the last six years, appeared more frequently before crowded houses than any other vocalist of our country. There is a singular fascination in the sweet tones of his voice. His pieces appeal always to the higher and stronger feelings of the soul. We heard him sing Longfellow's beautiful 'Excelsior' before three thousand people. Every breath was hushed and every eye was bent on the singer, whose whole being seemed concentrated in the gushing melody. He will sing this evening. For one, we shall hear him."

Said "The Western Citizen," Chicago :

"We have never heard anything that went so directly to the heart, as many of the pieces sung by Geo. W. Clark. A wise man said, 'Let me make the songs of a nation, and I care not who make its laws.' And we will add, that next to making the songs which stir the deepest feelings of the heart, is the capacity to appreciate and sing them with the force and pathos which their authors felt when composing them. Mr. Clark possesses that happy faculty in an eminent degree, and he deserves well of the friends of humanity for the noble use he has made of his powers."

Mr. Clark inherited from both his parents remarkable musical powers, as they were both fine singers, and often charmed their neighbors and friends and large congregations with their sweet hymns and songs, and in his childhood he took great pleasure and delight in everything that would make music. The happiest days of these early years was when he was presented with an "Iron Jews Harp." It was "Heaven begun below;" but when, not long after, he received a "Brass Jews Harp," he was in the third Heavens. Then he made for himself a cornstalk fiddle, then from the angelica stalk, a flute. With increasing years he obtained money enough to purchase a Bass Viol, then a Violin, then a Guitar. Wholly self-taught, with native genius, and with the aid of the best books he could obtain, he qualified himself for public teaching. His popularity was wide-spread, and his schools were thronged with pupils. And during some of his school terms, he had as many as seven different schools in as many different places in the week. But he had turned aside from his studies only for a season to obtain the means, thus utilizing his vacations to secure the means to complete his education, intending at the close of his schools to resume his course of studies at the Bethany Academy.

During his experience and observations in teaching and in song service among his pupils, and in social circles and meetings when called upon to sing, and in his church choir, witnessing the effects of song in stirring the emotions of his hearers, he conceived the idea of introducing this wonderful power or influence in connection with his lectures, and was the first in this country to introduce and bring the power of song to bear in the great temperance and anti-slavery reforms. It took like "wild fire" and a call was started for these songs at once, and Mr. Clark issued the "First Temperance Songster." In its preface he says, poetry and music have lent their aid, have cast their enchanting strains around the "flowing bowl," the "tempting goblet," the "sparkling nectar," the "ruby wine," and thus thousands have been unwarily sung into drunkenness and debauchery, have realized that "it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder." Now let poetry and music sing of the woes and miseries, the blasted hopes, the broken hearts, the beggared wives and haggard children, the hideousness of vice and the comeliness of virtue. Let the nation become familiar with temperance songs and ballads until they are sung not only at public meetings and festivals, but at social parties: in the nurseries, in the parlors, in primary schools and colleges; in the work shops and in the walks, until they accompany the peasant as he plows the field, and the mariner as he ploughs the boisterous main; until to earth's remotest bounds, the drink that's in the drunkard's bowl shall be exchanged for that which gushes forth from springs and wells "poured out by hands Divine."

Witnessing the effect of these songs on the crowds that came to hear, and being an ardent abolitionist as well as a strong temperance man, Bro. Clark set music to the anti-slavery poems of Cowper, Elizabeth Chandler, Whittier, Prof. Elizur Wright, Prof. Longfellow and other anti-slavery poems, and when the anti-slavery ship was launched on its perilous voyage Bro. Clark was on board. His life work was now doubled. There was no other man in the nation whose songs produced such mighty results. There could be no considerable gathering or reform convention in the country without his presence. No one could fill his unique position. Thus he was kept swinging to and fro from the Atlantic to the Father of Waters, filling any spare time between with lectures and songs enroute.

The call was so great for these songs that Bro. Clark set to work and published them in a neat volume entitled "The Liberty Minstrel." These songs were sung, not only by Mr. Clark at his lectures and concerts, but by reform associations and conventions and by bands of singers throughout the country, and had the effect to arouse the consciences and the sympathies and awaken the sensibilities of the people as nothing else could have done. Mr. Clark's next work was "The Harp of Freedom," a much larger volume, of over 335 pages, words and music. The several editions were in great demand all over the North. The Boston Chronicle said: "Those who have listened to the thrilling strains of our friend Clark, will welcome this neat volume containing the spirit-stirring Liberty Lyrics of our best poets with the music which has so often electrified our great conventions. Give us such songs well sung, and we will see what becomes of the piratical slave laws of this nation."

Geo. W. Clark was a fellow worker with Frederick Douglas in the anti-slavery cause for years, both living at the time in Rochester, N. Y.

The following letter was written by Mr. Clark from his birth-place, the city of Bangor, Me., in 1855, to his brother Seth Clark, then living in Buffalo, N. Y., and published in Mr. Douglas' paper, "The North Star." This dear brother to whom it was written, has gone, and Frederick Douglas, whose native eloquence has thrilled so many thousands, has also gone to his long home. "We a little longer wait, but how little none can know":

THE SPOT WHERE I WAS BORN.

"MY DEAR BROTHER SETH,—You know we were but little boys when we bid adieu to the scenes so interwoven with our childhood, the rolling Penobscott, the grand old hills and the grey old rocks of our dear, our native and our beloved New England; and how we longed, but in despair, of ever again setting our feet or our eyes upon the spot so sacred and so consecrated in our recollections. My aged grandmother had told me I could never find my birth-place again, that time and its changes had swept away the old homestead, that new and more modernized dwellings now covered the venerated ground. But my long journey and search has been richly rewarded. This day has been one of joyful interest to me, and will long continue to be a memorable one in the annals of my life. Seldom have so many associations crowded in upon my mind, and of such a nature. Contrary to all my most sanguine expectations, yet in perfect accord with the desires of my whole life, I this day found and visited the very spot where I was born, the very house

where our dear father and mother lived when they were first married and the very room where my spirit first caught the vital breath of existence, the very hill on whose brow our father had so often stood and overlooked the rolling Penobscott near whose banks it stands, the very little cove where he and our uncle Plinney had so often fished, and from the bottom of which they had removed the rocks to make smooth the work for their nets. I passed the same old ship yard where our dear father worked at ship building, and where the stroke of his hammer had so often resounded from shore to shore. There on the brow of the hill with Bangor on the west in full view, and the rolling Penobscott between and wending its meandering way southward to the Bay, stood a plain time-stained old frame house. A tall, venerable, good-looking woman of sixty-six years came to the door and bade me welcome in, and kindly gave me a chair. I asked her how long she had lived in that house? She replied, 'over forty years.' I then asked her maiden name? 'Lydia Tibbets,' she replied. I asked if she ever knew a man by the name of Noah Clark? 'I knew him well,' she replied. Who did he marry? 'He married Jane Smith. I knew her well too. They used to live in this house, and when they were married I came and lived with them.'

"What became of them, I asked? 'They moved to the far West, and I afterwards heard Mr. Clark was killed by falling from a house he was erecting.' I then told her 'Noah Clark was my father, and Jane Smith, his wife, was my mother,' that I was born in that house forty-three years agone, that I ran away and frightened my good mother almost to death, and the lady visitor who was with her, but on their rushing out they found the little nine months old baby tramping up and down on the bank of the Penobscott river; that I had been tramping through 24 of these States and Canada these 43 years past; but in God's great mercy, and in accordance with the wishes of my whole life I this day visited the very spot from whence I started, the very room where I first saw the light of day and where I first inhaled that vital breath of air which has continued so generously to fan my heaving lungs for these forty-three years gone by. I had always desired, but had long since despaired of ever again seeing 'the spot where I was born.' But a gracious Providence had kindly directed my footsteps to the 'dear old home,' where my 'tiny bark' was first launched upon the troublous and tempestous ocean of life. I desire to lift my heart in gratitude to Him who sits at the helm, who rides upon the restless winds and rules the tempests and the storms, that He had, after so long a voyage, brought back my frail bark in safety, tho' some of its sails had been tattered by ill winds and some of its timbers shattered on the rocks of adversity." I desire now to sing:

Bear me on thou restless ocean,
Through the storms that now dismay,
And when I've paid life's last devotion,
O land me mid that cloudless day;
Day forever, no night dispelling,
Calm forever, no storms o'er swelling,
Right forever, no wrongs intruding,
Love forever, no hate disturbing,
Peace forever, no murderous wars destroying.

Nations shall not quarrel then
 To prove which is the stronger ;
 Nor slaughter men for glory's sake,
 Wait a little longer ;
 Dearly beloved, let us help it all we can,
 Every woman, every man—smallest helps,
 If rightly given, make the impulse stronger ;
 'Twill be strong enough some day,
 Wait a little longer.

May God bless you all.

Your loving cousin,

GEO. WASHINGTON CLARK.

P. S.—I shall love dearly to hear from you all when you receive this and as often as you would like to write, as I am admonished by my extreme age—eighty-six—and many injuries and consequent infirmities that I shall soon arrive at the end of my earthly pilgrimage. I feel that this about finishes my work and that I have "kept the faith" and so bid you all an affectionate farewell.

I greatly admired these beautiful and inspiring lines from the time they came from the soul and pen of the charming poet Whittier—and set music to and published them in my own volume of "Songs for the Times," and hope they will prove as great a comfort to thousands of others as they have to me.

A THRILLING INCIDENT! A HORRIBLE FATALITY! CORRECTION
 OF AN ERROR.

In 1887, Hon. S. C. Pomroy says :—" John Day, a citizen of Kansas, was in jail at St. Joseph, Mo., for helping slaves to freedom from Platt Co., Mo. John Brown and others visited him in prison, and at mid-day the doors of the jail opened, and Day followed his friends down to the bank of the river into a small boat, and was soon ferried over to a State whose laws made his offense no crime. John Brown remained with the jailor to keep the peace and prevent others from escaping."

It was not John Day at all, but John Doy, of Rochester, N. Y. Nor was he rescued by John Brown, but by his own son John Doy, who took with him twelve stalwart men one dark night, crossed over the river and rescued his father. Dr. Doy came from England to our city of Rochester, and at the breaking out of the border ruffian war he removed to Kansas, where he helped many slaves to liberty, thereby incurring the hatred of the border ruffians. On one occasion he had taken some fugitive slaves into his carriage and was helping them to dear liberty. He was waylaid, kidnapped and imprisoned by a band of border ruffians, was incarcerated in a close iron box, where he could neither stand up or straighten out, and was finally sentenced to fifteen years in a Missouri penitentiary.

Just before Doy was to have been taken to the penitentiary, his son, with a few chosen friends, crossed the river one dark, stormy night, leaving two or three to watch their boat. Young Doy and the others went to the jail, one of them as a horse thief being bound with a rope. The rescuing party quietly

surrounded the jail, and young Doy and his comrade explained they had, after a tedious search, caught a horse thief, and wanted to have him locked in a cell till morning. Had been after him all day, and were very tired. They were readily admitted. As they were passing through the hall they came to the cell of Dr. John Doy. They were immediately halted; pistols were presented at the jailor, the disguises thrown off, and he was told: "My father lies in that cell; take off his shackles and deliver him to me or you are dead men!" His shackles were at once removed, and he was delivered to his son and to his friends. "Now," said the fearless young Doy, "I have a body of men with me to guard this prison until morning, and never one of you peep or stick your heads out of this building or you are dead men!" They then all went to the river, got into their boats, and arrived safely with Dr. John Doy at his home in Kansas. Not feeling safe in that State, and having borrowed money to help him out of his troubles, he returned to Rochester, New York State, where Geo. W. Clark, who knew of his work for the slaves while in Kansas, went with him through New York and New England and helped him to raise money to pay the debts thus incurred, and to bring his family where he thought they would be safer—out of Kansas.

While in New England, on the morning after the close of our meetings in Old Concord, and after an interesting visit at the quiet rural home of Emerson, under his tall, old pine trees, we had reached the depot, got our tickets for Boston. Dr. Doy was reading the Boston Morning Journal, when suddenly he threw it to the floor exclaiming: "My God, they have shot my boy!" This sudden news of the murder of his son was a terrible shock to the father and quite unnerved him. His father had urged him to leave Kansas, but the boy was fearless and determined to stand his ground. The Missouri border ruffians ascertained where he was, crossed the river in the night, surrounded the house where he was stopping, and as young Doy sprang out, making for a little ravine near by, they fired upon him, riddling him with bullets.

Once we had been holding some anti-slavery meetings in Western New York, and were on the cars returning home to Rochester, when we fell in with and began talking to a stranger. Naturally enough we conversed upon the subject nearest our hearts—the slavery question and Kansas as a free or slave State. Finally the stranger asked if we had ever met or knew a man from Kansas by the name of Doy—John Doy—as he wanted him and wanted him bad. He was a Kansas State Deputy Marshal after his man. At first Doy thought he knew and was going to arrest him forthwith, and placing his hand on his revolver, which he always carried and carried loaded prepared for the worst, a fight to the death if necessary. It proved fortunately to be a false alarm, however, and the incident ended there without bloodshed, but Doy was a fearless and desperate man and would never have surrendered himself alive. This Deputy very evidently never knew his man, nor dreamed of how near to death he came that day.

Dr. Doy afterwards moved to Battle Creek, Mich., where he died, and where I visited his widow a few years ago.
GENERAL, AND GOV. JOHN A. DIX, AND OUR GRANDFATHER SETH CLARK,
WERE BROTHERS-IN-LAW.

They both married into the worthy Shattuck family, and both did patriotic, valient and most valuable service to their country: Seth Clark in the war of the revolution, and John A. Dix in the war of 1812 and the war of the rebellion.

Gov. Dix was born in Boscowin, N. H., July 24, 1798. He was made ensign in the army in 1813, before he was fifteen years of age, and though the vicious liquor drinking habit was then universal, and army officers kept it in their tents and "treated all around," he never drank a glass of liquor himself nor "treated" others with it. In 1827 he settled in Cooperstown, N. Y., and there met and joined Edward C. Delavan, as Co-Editor of the "Northern Light," and for more than eleven years was a contributor with E. C. Delavan to the temperance cause.

"Drunkenness," said Gen'l Dix, "is the bane of the military profession, and a most certain source of demoralization and often of indelible disgrace." He uttered the same sentiments and the same edicts of liquor banishment throughout his whole command in Virginia, as in the war of 1812.

He possessed remarkably clear and strong views, was a tried, true and noble man and reflected distinguished honor upon the nation, and was the man who coined or made the immortal phrase : "If any man attempts to haul down the American Flag, shoot him on the spot!"

A Livingston County newspaper in Western New York said : "Prof. Clark had been chosen by Gov. Dix, while Gov. of N. Y., as his medium of communication with the temperance public." Referring to the position of Gov. Dix on the temperance question, Prof. Clark says : "It exhibits a character worthy of imitation of all our young men, and it would be highly creditable to the American people as well as a most gratifying circumstance if such an example could be reflected from the National Capitol."

BENJAMIN LUNDY.

Benjamin Lundy began his labors in 1818 by publishing the "Philanthropist" in Ohio, and organized a Union Humane Society of five hundred members. In 1824 he started the "Genius of Universal Emancipation" in Baltimore, for the support of which he invested his entire property. Here he was assaulted and nearly killed by a slave dealer named Woolfolk. In the interest of his work he visited nineteen States, traveling five thousand miles on foot, delivering lectures in favor of emancipation. In 1838 he located and started the "Genius" on the banks of the Vermillion river in Illinois. But his mission was drawing to a close, and soon after his eventful life ended. Oh, many was the time I cast my wistful eyes up to the windows where he labored and died, as I passed them on the rounds of my anti-slavery circuit, if perchance I might see his blessed Quaker face. Benjamin Lundy was indeed a pioneer hero of dauntless courage, unsurpassed in self-denial and sacrifice. He had seen the bondman in his chains and gave his life for his freedom.

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

William Lloyd Garrison was an early associate of Friend Lundy in editing his paper and sharing his persecutions. It may have been from him that he learned to dip his pen in flames and to hurl thunderbolts at the guilty heads of slaveholders. For his denunciation of a New England captain who participated in the domestic slave trade he was fined and incarcerated in a Baltimore prison, from whence he was bailed by one who admired his heroism

but who in after years differed widely from his views and measures. How far Mr. Garrison will be held responsible for allowing his conventions to become the theatre for attacks upon the Bible and the Christ of the Bible it may not be safe to say. The assaults upon the ministry and the churches were justified by the appalling facts, but the shameful caricature and false statements concerning Christ and the Christian religion were of quite a different character and were painful and often horrible to hear, and gave his enemies ample occasion for saying "the Garrisonians were infidels."

To this day I hold Mr. Garrison in very high esteem as a truly great man. And but for the things I was sure to hear and did hear in their conventions, and against which I protested, I would utter only unqualified praise. I attended the conventions in despite of the protest of my friends, because they were fighting slavery ; herein only was I in sympathy with these conventions. For his zeal and courage and persistant exposition of the abominations of the slave system in despite of opposition well nigh unparalleled Mr. Garrison had few equals and no superiors.

ARTHUR TAPPAN.

Arthur Tappan, for whose head the slave holders offered larger rewards than for any other in the anti-slavery ranks, was the man who bailed Mr. Garrison out of Baltimore prison and in the beginning was largely the financial supporter of the work. In his labors for the slave he was a little in advance of his brother Lewis. But in the end the younger outran the older. The zeal and labors of both closed only with their lives. I think their establishment (the largest wholesale silk house in the United States) had the honor of being the first boycotted in the nation or world. No firm was so widely known North and South as theirs. For a season none was so thoroughly let alone. But God, who says to the waves of the sea, "Thus far and no farther," wrought out for them a complete deliverance. First, they escaped being involved in the loss of the millions by the non-payment of the slave-holding patrons of the South. Second, in the hundreds of millions lost in the great fire on Wall street and vicinity, the loss of the Tappans was but a slight remove from nothing. When the colored men learned that the goods of their friends were in danger, they rushed with one accord through smoke and fire and flame and brought forth the entire stock and carried it to a place of security, while scores of other merchants looked helplessly on to see their own goods devoured by the flames. Upon every department of the anti-slavery cause they poured out their money like water. They were great-souled Christian heroes.

REV. JOSHUA R. LEAVITT.

Rev. Joshua R. Leavitt was early in the anti-slavery war and in close sympathy and labor with the Tappans. Through the columns of the "New York Evangelist" he poured out such searching exposures and denunciations of the slave power that so roused the wrath of the pro-slavery North that for months he was wont to receive hundreds of requests to "Stop my paper." But God who cared for the Tappans cared also for the faithful Leavitt. The publication of Mr. Finney's revival lectures brought to him daily "arm-fulls" of new subscribers. Mr. Leavitt's executive skill in a convention was without

an equal. At the meeting in Petersboro, after the mob had driven us out of Utica with garments torn and dyed with blood, he seemed almost ubiquitous. His commanding form would be seen, now this side, now that side, and sometimes in the pulpit, making suggestions to this man or giving advice to that one or a proposition to another or protesting to another. He was by universal consent regarded as the ruling spirit of the meeting.

During the long weeks of the eventful trial of John Quincy Adams in Congress for presenting a petition from a number of slaves, Mr. Leavitt was almost constantly by his side storing the mind of Mr. Adams from his inexhaustible fountain of facts and arguments, which "the old man eloquent" hurled at the heads of slave holders. These tremendous speeches hurling defiance at the slave minions, and that filled them with wonder and dismay, were as often Mr. Leavitt speaking through the burning lips of Mr. Adams as they were the inspiration of Mr. Adams' own great soul. There were few men in the early struggle that wrought more successfully and heroically than Joshua R. Leavitt.

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

Among the great army of anti-slavery orators was there for classical beauty one more elegant than Wendell Phillips? He was indeed the Golden-mouthed Bostonian." No blade of Damascus bore a keener edge or cut deeper than his. His hatred of slavery, and possibly of the slave-holder, was limited only by his great nature. Had it been possible his hatred would have been more intense and burning. When the great Hungarian General was in this country, those who heard him felt that there was a large reserved force that he did not call into service. Not so Wendell Phillips. In his terrible charges on the slave power he put into requisition all that was in him. And woe to the defender of wrong on whom his blows fell. It was good for the cause of freedom to have such a champion. It is doubtful if there was a slave-holder in all the South that did not know and hate and fear him: and it is doubtful if any other friend of the slave was any more widely known in the North. If the zeal of the bondman's friend flagged, they had but to hear Mr. Phillips for an hour and they would buckle on the armor afresh. He was in himself equal to an armed host, and was an invaluable blessing to the nation in its lapse from its love of liberty. He was one of the heroes to whom a debt of gratitude remains as yet unpaid.

LAURA S. HAVILAND.

Another devoted and faithful heroine, was Sister Laura S. Haviland, a well-known, sincere and earnest Christian worker in every good and humane cause, and who departed this life in the 90th year of her age last week, in Grand Rapids, Mich.

She devoted her energies to philanthropic work. Her sympathy for the black slaves in the South led her into work in assisting fugitives to escape to Canada. She not only maintained a "station" at her country home, just outside of Adrian, but was a "conductor" on the underground railway, the conductor of that famous transportation line being a person who drove toward and beyond the market town a load of hay or other produce, concealed in which were some blacks on their way to freedom. While performing this work in the negroes' behalf she was also a conspicuous figure in the agitation for abolition.

When war was declared she tendered her services as a nurse and did faithful service in the hospitals of the South during the four years of the war. She was at the same time an agent of the secret service. In 1863 there were 3,000 soldiers of the federal army in the prison on Ship Island, near Mobile, the most grievous offence charged in the majority of cases being insolence to an officer. Mrs. Haviland secured the release of these 3,000 prisoners and they at once re-entered the service.

After the war Mrs. Haviland again became prominent as a reformer in the temperance movement. She early united with the Women's Christian Temperance Union and was one of the foremost figures in that organization in Michigan. Mrs. Haviland years ago established at Adrian a school for poor children, maintaining it at her own expense, and it was the foundation of the present State industrial school at Coldwater.

In 1838, when Mrs. Haviland founded this excellent school on the "Equal Rights Principle," admitting black and white without distinction, I was invited and accepted with joy the invitation to address the pupils, and had a nice time with them.

A CINCINNATI INCIDENT.

While sick in Cincinnati from over-work and over-powering heat attending the great South-western Anti-slavery Convention in 1845, I strolled down the river bank one day for a little exercise, and coming to a pleasant copse near the river's edge I sat down under it for a brief rest. I sat there but for a moment when I saw a negro come running down the opposite side looking earnestly up and down the bank, and, seeing a little craft near by, jumped on and rowed across the river with great speed, striking the bank near me. Seeing a white man sitting there startled the panting fugitive. I quieted the poor fellow in a moment by assuring him I was an abolitionist and would soon have him in a secure place. I took him directly to the "Father Coffin hiding place." It was an old blacksmith shop. That night he was comfortably "rigged" and put on board the underground railroad, and the next morning was safe in Canada. He told me his story: "He had a kind-hearted old master who had for years before his death promised him his freedom if he proved a good and faithful slave. After his master's death the two sons became dissipated and reckless, and refused to free the poor victim of their rapacity, after he had taken so much pains to faithfully serve and secure their kind consideration. The sons finally laughed at the slave's presumption and threatened if he ever again asked for liberation they would flog him—they would not be annoyed with his impertinence. The slave felt that by his long and faithful service and the promise of his old master he was entitled to his liberty as well as by his 'natural right,' and made up his mind as per Patrick Henry: 'Give me Liberty or give me Death.' One day when in the field at work he asked again for his God-given right to the liberty promised by his good old master. This enraged the slavery and liquor bedeviled master, who furiously ordered the bystanding slaves to seize Daniel, for that was his name, and strip and lash him to a tree near by, and as they rushed up to seize him Daniel drew out his concealed knife and thrust it into the bowels of his master, then turned and fled and effected his escape as I have related." I had his knife which he gave me, for many years.

JOHN BROWN.

With this noble, sincere and whole-souled friend of God and man, though scorned, reproached and finally hung upon slavery's vengeful gallows for his sincere, true and earnest devotion to the cause of "Liberty and Equal Rights," I loved and honored him and took part and aided him what I could in his meetings, and I considered it an honor to have had the privilege of aiding so good a man in so just and righteous a cause. And I was thankful for the distinguished honor conferred upon me when chosen to preside over the last public meeting he ever held in our loved city of Rochester, N. Y., before going to Chambersburg and Harper's Ferry. At another time I attended another mass meeting with him in Syracuse, N. Y., with other distinguished reformers: Gerrit Smith, Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Samuel J. May, Frederick Douglass and hosts of the very best people, who listened not only to the cogent appeals of John Brown, but to the very able debate between Gerrit Smith and Mr. Garrison on the unconstitutionality, the mendacity and the outrages perpetrated by this brazen slave power on human rights and on civilized life among men in all parts of the world wherever it was allowed to exist. The defenders of liberty wrote of John Brown's having a "fair trial" after the affair at Harper's Ferry. Mankind or posterity will look upon that proceeding called a "judicial trial" of John Brown and his comrades at Harper's Ferry, not only in the light of the religious and humane intentions of the prisoners, but of the hot and indecent haste—dragging its victims bound, wounded and bleeding to the bar on their couches, to be tried by a packed, frightened and frenzied jury of mercenary and maddened slave-holders, the determined ruling of the judge on every point against the unfortunate accused, with the whole court made up of interested, excited and prejudiced pro-slavery men, as one of the most insulting mockeries of justice ever played off before the world. Those devoted men were doubtless prejudged and doomed by the slave power of Virginia before a jury was thought of. That hasty scaffold will

"Sway the Future."

"Behind the dim unknown standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above his own." As learned Thomas Jefferson, so learned John Brown, and the American slave-holders killed him and buried his body in the ground.

But, "His noble soul goes marching on."

I had the great satisfaction of taking part in a great, grand and most enthusiastic memorial John Brown demonstration in Chicago. It demonstrated most satisfactorily that

"John Brown's soul goes marching on."

REV. JOB H. MARTYN AND HIS NOBLE WIFE MRS. S. T. MARTYN.

He was a powerful preacher in his day. Many conversions followed his ministry. His manner was direct, positive, earnest and enthusiastic. You could not listen to his preaching without having the religious elements, if there were any such within you, stirred to the very depths. So he was a very successful and popular revivalist, and many conversions were the fruit of his labors in New York City, New Haven, Brantford Canada and other places

where he was called to preach. The social element was largely predominant in Bro. Martyn. He had the happy faculty of soon getting the confidence and good will of his hearers, and could rouse the dullest audience to enthusiasm.

His interesting wife Mrs. S. T. Martyn, was a bright and able literary writer, and the brilliant editress of that interesting and popular magazine "The Ladies' Wreath." They had many warm-hearted personal friends and admirers, and their departure from this life was greatly missed and lamented.

As a brilliant writer, their son now Rev. Wm. Carlos Martyn, who has written the popular "Life of Wendell Phillips," seems to inherit in a large degree the literary talents of both his father and his mother, and is making a noble use of these talents. I have in my library, and prize highly, his "Life of Wendell Phillips," and am now reading with interest and delight his beautiful work of the "Life of Neal Dow."

The home of Rev. Job H. Martyn was both socially and intellectually a very pleasant one, and I have passed many very happy hours with Bro. and Sister Martyn and their dear ones then living. I still keep Mrs. S. T. Martyn's "Ladies' Wreath" carefully preserved in my library.

REV. DR. NATHANIEL COLVER.

Rev. Dr. Nathaniel Colver was for many years pastor of the famous Tremont Temple Baptist Church in Boston, where I have often heard his thundering eloquence and where I have been often called to render the glowing poetic words of John G. Whittier in song.

In another part of this article I have given by request an interesting anecdote of Whittier and Colver which I received from Mr. Colver himself at his home in Boston. My good Bro. C. C. Foote and fellow reform worker asked Bro. Colver one day "where he graduated?" He answered, "behind a black stump in Vermont." Bro. Foote said, "Pity that stump could not be placed in the National Museum, for no other stump ever gave the nation so royal a moral standard bearer. Rev. Nathaniel Colver was associated with Bro. Foote for a time in providing for the poor refugee slaves in Canada.

Here are some facts not given in his biography. "In the days of his boyhood he was a hunter of wolves. His daring encounters in this hazardous life no doubt nursed that indomitable courage which made him victor over the mobs that he was wont to encounter in his life as a reformer. The lion and the lamb were in him in happy blending. When a crowd of roughs had convened to break up one of his meetings, he went to the ring-leader and said, "You are a working man are you?"

He replied, "Yes."

"Well," said Mr. Colver, "my life is devoted to the interest of the working classes, and I want you to take charge of this meeting and keep order," And he did. That spoiled the mob.

REV. CALVIN FAIRBANK.

Rev. Calvan Fairbank was born and grew to manhood in Pike, Wyoming Co., Western N. Y. He got a good practical education, mostly at Lima Seminary, N. Y., and at Oberlin, Ohio. He was early converted to Christianity

and to the vital reforms which such conversion included, and, hearing the story of the slave woman's life one night, he was converted to an abolitionist and became an ardent and zealous worker on the underground railway, and was in sympathy and hearty co-operation with Levi Coffin and his wife, those noble Christian philanthropists, in helping slaves to escape from bondage. He examined the subject thoroughly from every point of view—the statements of the wisest statesmen and the wisest law givers and law annotators, and finding slavery an outlaw, having no legal existence in any State of the Union or authority of the National Government, in fact an outlaw, he resolved so to treat it, and did so treat it from that time on, and never allowed an opportunity to aid fugitive slaves to escape to pass unimproved. When men and women he says, came to me pleading the "Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man," I did all in my power to set them free—suffering the consequences. Forty-seven slaves he helped to liberty. He piloted most of these slaves through forests by night, girls fair and white, dressed as ladies ; men and boys as gentlemen , or servants, men in women's clothes, women in men's clothes ; boys as girls, and girls as boys, in common vehicles, or under a load of hay or straw, old furniture, boxes and bags, etc., etc.; sometimes swimming rivers sometimes wading chin deep, or in boats, skiffs or rafts ; and what is remarkable he never suffered one to be captured. And none of these fugitives so far as he could ever learn came to poverty, shame or disgrace. Scores of these fugitives have been visited and found to be frugal, industrious, prosperous and respectable citizens.

Now, for all this humane treatment in the liberation and elevation of these poor slaves what was Bro. Fairbank's reward by the slave-holders of this country ? He was sent to States prison, doomed to hard labor and the cruel, torturous treatment of seventeen years and four months, and the cruel infliction of thirty-five thousand one hundred and five stripes from a leather strap fifteen to eighteen inches long and one and a half inches wide, and from a quarter to three-eights of an inch thick.

It was with a half tanned leather strap, well soaked, so that it might burn the flesh more intensely. These floggings were inflicted with a strap of leather attached to a handle of convenient size and length to inflict as much pain as possible with as little real damage as possible to the working power or capacity of the victim.

It is hard to conceive of such barbaric treatment, especially in so called civilized and enlightened America. AN INCIDENT.—I think it will be a pleasant relief to mention here that he had a good and true sweet-heart and that she waited for her Calvin all these long years, that when he was released

from his unjust and cruel "durance vile" they were married. They paid me a good visit at my home in the city of Rochester, N. Y., and from there he went into the ministerial work in New England.

I might go on *ad libitum* with sketches and anecdotes of old friends, laborers and associates of the past, of mobs, rescues, fleeing fugitives and battles royal in their behalf, many thrilling Underground R. R. events coming under my own observation, and happenings under my own roof at Rochester, N. Y., where my home was the general rendezvous for Western N. Y. for all the workers and fighters in the abolition cause as well as the singers, such as the glorious Hutchinson family, the Luca family, James G. Clark, and many others of note. But, I have already carried this little work to a much greater length than I anticipated, and must lay aside my pen and say farewell.

GOD'S ETERNAL GOODNESS.

Words by the Poet Whittier.

Music by G. W. C.

I dimly guess from blessings known,
Of greater out of sight,
And with the chastened psalmist own,
His judgments too are right.

I long for household voices gone,
For vanished smiles I long ;
But God has led my dear ones on,
And He can do no wrong.

I know not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise,
Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies.

And so beside the silent sea
I wait the muffled oar ;
No harm from Him can come to me
On ocean or on shore.

I know not where His islands
Lift their fronded palms in air ;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care.

TO RELATIVES AND FRIENDS:—

DETROIT, April 15th, 1898.

Up to this date my father, Geo. W. Clark, has retained his faculties to a remarkable degree considering his advanced age of eighty-six years, but now, as his assistance is most necessary in proof reading and correcting errors, which with the youngest and brightest will creep in, his memory as to dates and figures greatly failed him. Not being familiar enough with the different families and their numerous branches and ramifications I claim your kindly indulgence for him, and will consider it a favor if you will, where noticed, notify me of any mistakes or necessary additions which may be corrected in a later edition.

Yours respectfully,

CHAS. L. CLARK,

220 Ferry Ave.

ADDENDA AND CORRECTIONS.

Title page,—Geneology, should be Genealogy,

Page 6, bottom of page,—Date of John Clark's emigration to this country should be 1740, not 1848.

Page 7,—G. W. C. failed to give the names of John Clark's nine children spoken of, namely : Matthew, Thomas, John, William, Samuel, James, George, Sarah, and Elizabeth.

Page 8,—Marriage of Roxinda Aurora Clark was July 14th, instead of 13th.

Page 8, last line,—Emily Josephene was born Oct. 12th, instead of Oct. 13th.

Page 11,—Seth Clark enlisted April 17th, 1777, instead of 1717 (Col. F. C. Ainsworth's letter).

Page 15,—Marcia Clark, born August 25th, 1836, instead of 1886.

Page 19.—Muma family should read Annie Estelle Muma, instead of Anna O. E.

Page 24,—L. M. Prentiss died Dec. 2nd, 1896, instead of Dec. 10th.

Page 43,—The "Campaign" mentioned here was the "Free Soil and John C. Fremont for President." Gerrit Smith was then elected to Congress. G. W. C. was a nominee for Sec'y of State on the National ticket.

Page 56,—Letter should be dated Nov. 7th, 1846.

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